

ALCIBIADES,

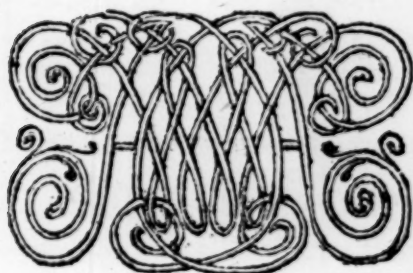
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TRAGEDY.

Written by THOMAS OTWAY.

— — *Laudetur ab his, Culpetur ab illis.*

Horat. Serm. Lib. Sat. 2.



L O N D O N :

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M.DCC.XXXV,

ALCIBIADES



WILSON, T. H.

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To the Right Honourable

C H A R L E S,

E A R L of *Middlesex*.

MY LORD,

I Am sufficiently sensible of my own Arrogance, in that being almost a Stranger to every thing of You but your Fame, I durst obtrude so abject a Trifle as this, under the Patronage of so eminent a Person; but that generous Candour, wherewith You oblige all the World, gave me Courage to hope You might at least pardon this first Offence in me. And though, perhaps, the best Presents of this nature may not be more than ordinary grateful; yet I have here my Wishes, if the Sincerity of my Zeal may atone for the Meanness of the Offering: That is the farthest Prospect I take, which, whilst I have in view, I dare not (though, perhaps, as justly as some others have done I might) complain of the Censures of

vi DEDICATION.

the World; for since I've heard that Your Lordship prov'd indulgent, I were unworthy of the Favours You bestow'd, should I be concern'd at the Malice or Petulancy of those, who (alas!) will needs thinks it Modish to be Critical, but in the mean while forget 'tis as Gentle to be Civil. No, my Lord, 'tis under Your Umbrage only I would court Protection, to whom Heaven has given a Soul whose Endowments are as much above Flattery, as itself abhors it; and which are as impossible to be described, as I am unable to comprehend them. But as poorest Pilgrims, when they visit Shrines, will make some Presents where they kneel: So I have here brought mine, by your own Goodness only made worthy to be preserv'd; in whose Defence I can say nothing more, than that with it all my best Endeavours are, and ever shall be ready to testify how much I am,

My Lord,

The most earnest of Your

Servants and Admirers,



THO. OTWAY.

PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. Harris.

NEver did Rhymer greater Hazard run,
'Mongst us by your Severity undone:
Though we, alas! to oblige ye have done most,
And bought ye Pleasures at your own sad cost:
Yet all our best Endeavours have been lost.
So oft a States-man lab'ring to be good,
His Honesty's for Treason understood:
Whilst some false flattering Minion of the Court,
Shall play the Traitor, and be honour'd for't.
To you known Judges of what's Sense and Wit,
Our Author swears he gladly will submit:
But there's a sort of things infest the Pit,
That will be witty, spite of Nature too,
And to be thought so, haunt and pester you.
Hither sometimes those Would-be Wits repair,
In quest of you; where if you not appear,
Cries one—Pugh! Damn me what do we do here?
Straight up he starts, his Garniture then puts
In order, so he cocks, and out he struts,
To th' Coffee-House, where he about him looks:
Spies Friend, cries Jack—I've been to-night at th' Duke's:
The silly Rogues are all undone, my Dear,
I'gad! not one of Sense that I saw there.
Thus to himself he'd Reputation gather
Of Wit, and good Acquaintance, but has neither.
Wit has indeed a Stranger been of late,
'Mongst its Pretenders nought so strange as that.
Both Houses too too long a Fast have known,
That coarsest Nonsense goes most glibly down.
Thus though this Trifler never wrote before,
Yet faith he ventur'd on the common Score:
Since Nonsense is so generally allow'd,
He hopes that his may pass amongst the Croud.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

<i>Agis.</i>	Mr. Medburn.
<i>Alcibiades</i> , General of <i>Athens</i> , but fled thence in discontent, and made General of <i>Sparta</i> , betrothed to <i>Timandra</i> .	Mr. Betterton.
<i>Tissaphernes</i> , the old General of <i>Sparta</i> .	Mr. Sandford.
<i>Petroclus</i> , his Son, and Friend to <i>Al-</i> <i>cibiades</i> .	Mr. Crosby.
<i>Theramnes</i> , the now <i>Athenian</i> General, in love with <i>Timandra</i> .	Mr. Harris.
<i>Polydus</i> , a young Noble of <i>Athens</i> , his Friend.	Mr. Gillow.

W O M E N.

<i>Deidamia</i> , Queen of <i>Sparta</i> , in love with <i>Alcibiades</i> .	Mrs. Mary Lee.
<i>Timandra</i> , a noble <i>Athenian</i> Lady, betrothed to <i>Alcibiades</i> .	Mrs. Betterton.
<i>Draxilla</i> , Sister to <i>Alcibiades</i> , and her Friend.	Mrs. Barry.
<i>Ardella</i> , Lady of Honour to the Queen of <i>Sparta</i> .	Mrs. Gillow.

Priests and Priestesses of *Hymen*, Spirits, Guards, Mes-
sengers, Villains, Ladies, &c.





ALCIBIADES.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *A Palace.*

Enter Timandra and Draxilla.

Shouts without, *Theramnes! Theramnes! Theramnes!*

Enter a Servant.

TIMANDRA.



WHAT mean these Shouts?

Serv.—Oh all your Hopes are crost,
The gallant *Alcibiades* is lost.

Tim. Hah!—

Serv.—When last Night the Youth of *Athens* late
Rose up the *Orgia* to celebrate,
The *Bacchanals*, all hot and drunk with Wine,
He led to the Almighty Thund'rer's Shrine;
And there his Image seated on a Throne,
They violently took and tumbled down:
This Opportunity *Theramnes* got
To supplant him, and his own Ends promote;
For by the Senate he was doom'd to bleed,
And that his Rival should in all succeed;
But he, the threatening Danger to evade,
Is to the *Spartan* Camp for Refuge fled:
And now, by Order from the Senate, all
With Shouts proclaim *Theramnes* General.

Tim. But is he fled? Has he so meanly done,
To leave me to be wretched here alone?
Is this thy plighted Faith, is this thy Truth!
Oh too unkind, false, and unconstant Youth! [*Ex. Serv.*]

Drax. Madam, believe not but my Brother's just,
You wrong his Honour by this mean Distrust;
Think you that Distance can his Love rebate?

Tim. Thy young Experience never felt the Weight
Of Lovers Fears; if just, he'll easily
Excuse that Love, that breeds this Jealousy. [have.

Drax. But, Madam, for these Doubts no grounds you

Tim. Alas! go ask of Madmen why they rave.
What more could Fate do to augment my Woe?
I love, am mad, and know not what I do.

I, who before had nothing in my Eyes
But Glory and Love growing to Delight;
Like Chymists waiting for their Labours Prize,
My Hopes are dash'd and ruin'd in their height.

Drax. Alas, we but with weak Intelligence
Read Heaven's Decrees; th'are writ in Mystick Sense:
For were they open laid to mortal Eyes,
Men would be Gods, or they no Deities.
Perhaps the wiser Powers thought fit this way
To give your growing Happiness allay,
Lest should it in its high Perfection come,
Your Soul for the Reception might want room.

Tim. Thy Reasons, kind *Draxilla*, weakly move:
What Woman e'er complain'd of too much Love?
No, had I naked to the World been left,
Of Honour, and its gaudy Plumes bereft,
Yet all these I with Gladness could resign,
So *Alcibiades* had still been mine;
But he remov'd, what can they give alone?
What is the Casket when the Jewel's gone?

Drax. Madam, if he be gone, 'tis to obtain
A nobler Lustre, and return again:
Think you his great Soul could with Patience see
His rifled Honours heap'd on's Enemy;

And

And not his Rage have grown to that excess,
As must have ruin'd all your Happiness?
But he withdrew, and like a zealous Hermit did forego
Those little Toys, to gain a Heav'n in you.

Tim. That Zeal must needs be very weak and faint,
That lets the Votary forsake his Saint :
No, he is happy in some other Flame ;
And from his Breast has blotted out my Name :
So that there nothing more remains for me,
But a kind Death, or a long Misery.
But Death alone's the unhappy Lover's Ease,
That seals up to us an eternal Peace ;
By that our Souls to endless Pleasures move,
And we enjoy an everlasting Love.
Yet e'er I die, as die I feel I must,
To *Alcibiades* I would be just,
Fain would I let him know how I resign
All in him, that his past Vows had made mine :
Then to its Seat in Peace my Soul should fly,
And calmly at my Lover's Feet I'd die.

Draxilla, for thy Friend, what couldst thou do?

Drax. Madam, I could do any thing for you ;
I know not what you'd ask me I'd deny,
Except that cruel thing, to see you die.

Tim. Some safe Disguises for us then provide,
From watchful Eyes our sudden Flight to hide ;
Hence to the *Spartan* Camp I'll forthwith move,
Borne on the Wings of Jealousy and Love ;
For I'm resolv'd to know the worst of Fate ;
I wou'd be blest ; can be unfortunate ;
Since 'tis the only thing of Heav'n I crave,
To meet a faithful Lover, or a Grave.

Theramnes at the Door.

Ther. — Stay, kind *Polindus*, here
Whilst I go pay my just Devotion there : [*Stepping to Tim.*
See, fairest Queen of Love and Beauty, here
Your faithfullest and humblest Worshipper,

Who comes to offer up a Sacrifice,
 To those Eternal Glories of your Eyes:
 It is a Heart as spotless and sincere,
 As the chaste Vows of holy Vestals are;
 Accept, Divine one, and pronounce my Doom.

Tim. Are you, my Lord, to mock my Sorrows come?

Ther. No, (guided by my Love) I humbly came
 To pay my Duty, and present my Flame.

Tim. What Flame or Duty can you owe to me?

Ther. Next what the Holy to the Deity,
 When they for Blessings at the Altars move;
 'Tis Adoration, Madam, join'd with Love.

Tim. Love! I thought that had been e'er this o'erblown;
 I'm sure it had small Hopes to live upon.

Ther. That Love, which only tedious Hopes sustain,
 Is a dull, easy, and ignoble Pain:

Mine's an enlivening and transporting Fire,
 Whose Flames increase, and still are piercing higher.

Tim. Yes, as from Piles some wilder Flames essay
 To mount, but baffled, part in Fumes away:
 So all that Love, you now so strongly boast,
 Sever'd from Hope in a weak Vapour's lost;
 But you too urgent in your Suit appear.

Ther. Oh what's too urgent for a Joy so dear!

Tim. Since then you Constancy so firmly vow,
 Worthy *Theramnes*, here I do so too. [*Gives her Hand.*

Ther. Thus, when the Storms of Love are overpast,
 We gain the wish'd-for Port of Bliss at last.
 I ne'er could doubt——— [*Kisses her Hand.*

Tim. —Then know I ne'er can cease
 From my vow'd Love to *Alcibiades*.

Ther. I'm lost, and all those Joys I saw so near,
 Vanish, and leave me wand'ring in Despair:
 Thus, Madam, barb'rous Cruelty y've shown,
 Raising me up only to throw me down.

Tim. Not to deceive you, I (*Theramnes*) know
 How much I am oblig'd t' your Love and You.

Since

Since you such ample Kindness did express,
 In favour of my *Alcibiades*;
 How poorly did you envy the Esteem
 I for his matchless Virtues had, and Him!
 When finding him abandon'd by the State,
 You, to advance your Int'rest, did create
 New Feuds;——

As if my Love were balanc'd by his Fate:
 No, he had nobler Charms my Breast to move,
 Unblemish'd Honour, and a spotless Love;
 Which though perhaps now know another Flame,
 Yet I have Love and Passion for their Name.

Ther. Am I then of all hopes of Bliss debarr'd?
 'Oh too soft Charms sway'd by a Heart too hard!

Tim. Y'are something discompos'd, Sir, I perceive,
 And 'tis but Modesty to take my leave.

Ther. Oh stay, and pity a poor Lover's Fate!

Tim. If Pity, Sir, is all you ask, take that. [*scoff!*]

Ther. Heav'ns, can she at those Chains she gave me

Tim. You at your pleasure, Sir, may shake 'em off.

[*Exeunt Tim. and Drax.*]

Enter Polyndus.

Pol. How fares my noblest Friend?

Ther.——As those who are

Tott'ring upon the Brinks of dire Despair;

Help and retrieve me with thy assisting Hand,

Love thrusts me forward, and I cannot stand.

Pol. Then, Sir, turn back, and face your driving Foe.

Ther. Alas! what can a fetter'd Captive do?

The more I strive, the faster I am bound,

As ign'rant Swimmers are with struggling drown'd.

Pol. *Timandra* surely can't in Honour less,

Than crown your Love with prosperous Success,

When she believes (as certainly she must)

That *Alcibiades* is prov'd unjust.

Ther. Alas, she loves him with much greater Flame,
 And pays Devotion to his very Name:

Distance

Distance adds to their Loves a Violence;
 And their Souls hold from far Intelligence.
 Thus my mistaking Policy out-run
 My Fate; and I'm by my own Plots undone.

Pol. Why do you let your Soul be so oppress'd?
 'Tis Patience best befits a gallant Breast.

Ther. Patience! What's that? the Mistress of tame Fools,
 That can in nothing else employ their Souls:
 No; since *Timandra*, thou canst disapprove
 My just Flame for an absent Rival's Love,
 I'll find that Rival out, and snatch his Breath,
 Though every Step I tread encounter Death.

Pol. Now, Sir, y'are brave——
 Already you've disarm'd *Timandra's* Charms,
 Methinks I see you rev'ling in her Arms!
 Let's then o'the Wings of Love and Honour fly
 To th' Field, and meet th' insulting Enemy:
 Where through the Paths of Death and Blood we'll go
 To meet your Rival, and his Country's Foe:
 There the remembrance of *Timandra's* Charms
 Shall add fresh Courage to our conqu'ring Arms.
 But if Fate the Success so order shall,
 That by your Rival's Sword you chance to fall:
 I then (as Honour justly will command,)

Inspir'd by Friendship and *Timandra's* Name,
 Will bravely stem him, and with this bold Hand
 Revenge, or fall a Victim to your Flame.

Ther. Oh noble generous Youth! whose tender Years
 Such gallant Courage and such Honour wear!
 How can my Aims but in my Wishes end, } *Embraces*
 That have so worthy and so brave a Friend? } *him.*
 Come, my *Polindus*——

Pol.——On my Friend I'll wait,
 Through all the Labyrinths of Love and Fate. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Tent of a Pavilion Royal; the King and Queen of Sparta, Alcibiades, Tiffaphernes, Patroclus, Guards, Ladies, &c.*

King. Now must proud *Athens* lay her Triumphs down,
And pay her Glory's Tribute to my Crown;
No more shall stupid *Greece* her Fetters wear,
Nor make disadvantageous Peace for fear;
But she herself must in Subjection come,
And humbly at my Feet expect her Doom.

Tif. Yes, Sir; all Glories must, when yours break forth,
Go out, and lose their Beauty, and their Worth:
And like false Angels vanish and be gone,
Dreading those Shapes they durst before put on.

Pat. *Athens*, the World's great Mistress, will not be
Courtied with low and vulgar Gallantry.
Her Glory aims at higher Characters,
Than heavy Gown-men clad in formal Furs:
Who wins her, Deeds 'bove common Fate must do;
And so she's only Mistress fit for you. }

King. Yes! and I only will enjoy her too.
But noble generous Youth, thou hast alone [*To Alcibiades.*
Things worthy the *Athenian* Honour done:
Thou like a tow'ring Eagle soar'dst above
That lower Orb in which they faintly move;
A Flight too high for their dull Souls to use,
Which prompted 'em that Honour to abuse;
Thinking their Baseness they might palliate,
With the dark Cloud of Policy and State.
But let them that dark Mystery pursue,
By Worth and Honour Empires greatest grow;
Which when abus'd, their Glory does suppress,
As revers'd Prospects make the Object less.

Alc. Yours, Sir, like Heaven's great Soul, is general;
Dispensing its kind influence on all.
This makes Success and Victory repair,
To move with you as in their proper Sphere;

As fragrant Dews leave the corrupter Earth,
Exhal'd by th' Sun from whom they had their Birth.

King. The Truth of that we by your Laurels know,
Conquest your Arms, Triumph still waits your Brow ;
By your Success th' *Athenian* Greatness rose,
Your Courage scatter'd their insulting Foes ;
And from that Height to which by you th'are grown,
'Tis your Success alone must throw 'em down.
Thus have we made you Gen'ral of our Force ;
And all those Honours you were robb'd of there,
We'll make our Study to redouble here.

Tis. And I, (if that my Malice tell me true,)
As diligently shall his Plagues pursue. [*Aside.*]

Alc. Of all my Courage or my Sword shall do,
I the Success must to your Virtue owe.
The Honour and the Justice of your Cause
So glorious are, Fate must from them take Laws :
So you o'er *Athens* this Advantage have,
You Fortune rule, to whom she's but a Slave.

King. Enjoy, my *Tissaphernes*, now thy Ease,
And plant fresh Laurels in the Shades of Peace.
The Glories thou hast won so num'rous are,
They seem as many as thy Age can bear.
But if thy spacious Soul thou canst confine
Within this narrow Mansion of mine
Be this the utmost of thy Wishes Bound,
Possess his grateful Heart, whose Head th'ast crown'd.

Tis. Heav'n knows my Age does feel no sharper Sting,
Than to want Pow'r to serve so good a King.
But since Time tells me that my Glass is run,
Setting me backward where I first begun ;
Since no way else they can their Duty show,
I'll only employ my Hands to Heav'n for you :
And what my Sword can't, may Devotion do. }

King. How truly he a glorious Monarch is,
That's crown'd with Blessings so sublime as these !
How can I but in all things happy be,
Propt by such Courage and such Piety ?

To me, with Gods, Similitude is giv'n,
 'Tis Pow'r and Virtue that supports their Heav'n.
 Our Royal Standard to the City bear,
 T' alarm it to Obedience, or to War.
 To-morrow must decideth' *Athenian Fate*, } *Exeunt Om.*
 This Day to Joy and Ease we'll consecrate. } *prat. Tis.*

Tis. Ungrateful King! thy shallow Aims pursue;
 But, my brisk Upstart Fav'rite, have at you.
 Was it for this my active Youth I spent
 In War? and knew no dwelling but a Tent!
 Have I for this through Invious Mountains past?
 Demolish'd Cities, and laid Kingdoms waste?
 Still in his Cause unwearied Courage shown?
 And almost hid his Head in Crowns I won!
 Upon my Breast receiv'd so many Scars,
 They seem a War describ'd in Characters!
 And must the Harvest of my Toil and Blood,
 Upon a fawning Rebel be bestow'd;
 Who having false to his own Country been,
 Comes here to play his Treasons o'er again?
 Must he at last tumble my Trophies down,
 And revel in the Glories I have won?
 Whilst from my Honours they me disengage,
 With a dull Compliment to feeble Age.
 What ails this hardy Hand, that yet it shou'd
 Tremble at Death, or start at reeking Blood?
 Methinks this Dagger I as firmly hold, [*Draws a Dagger.*
 And with a Strength as resolute and bold,
 As he who kindly would its Point impart,
 A Present to an envy'd Fav'rite's Heart;
 And I, fond Youth, will try to work thy Fall,
 Though with my own I crown thy Funeral.
 Envy and Malice from your Mansions fly,
 Resign your Horror, and your Snakes to me;
 For I'll act Mischiefs yet to you unknown;
 Nay, you shall all be Saints when I come down. [*Exit.*



ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE, *A Grove adjoining to the Spartan Camp.*

Enter Timandra and Draxilla.

Tim. **W**HAT uncouth Roads afflicted Lovers pass!
 How strange prepost'rous Steps their Sor-
 Oh, *Alcibiades*, if thou art just, [rows trace!
 Forgive th' Excess of Love that bred Distrust.
 Driven by that, disguis'd I hither came,
 Yet here and ev'ry where my Grief's the same.
 But kind *Draxilla's* Friendship can dispel
 The thickest Clouds that on sad Bosoms dwell:
 That does alleviate my Grievs, and give
 My weary'd Soul a soft and kind Reprieve;
 Which ever to forget, would be as hard,
 And as impossible, as to reward.

Drax. The serving you, my Happiness secures,
 I'm only something by my being yours;
 Since equally with yours, my Hopes were cross'd,
 When in your Lover I a Brother lost?
 Then like an Orphan, destitute and bare
 Of all, but Misery and sad Despair,
 Your Kindness gave my yielding Spirits rest,
 And rais'd me to a dwelling in your Breast:
 Then ought I not, in all, my Soul resign
 To ease her Grievs that kindly pity'd mine?

Tim. In that I did what Honour urg'd me to.

Drax. And Honour tells me Gratitude is due.

Tim. But how grows Gratitude to that degree,
 To be afflicted thus, and weep for me?

Drax.

Drax. Alas! that is the least that I could do;
 To our worst Enemies our Tears we owe.
 Friendship to such a noble height should rise,
 As their Devotion does in Sacrifice,
 Who think they shew a Zeal remiss and small,
 Except themselves as nobler Victims fall.
 With as great Courage could I for you die,
 And my triumphant Soul to Heav'n should fly;
 There I again my Friendship would renew,
 And lay up chiefest Joys in store for you. [take!

Tim. What vast and boundless Flights does Friendship
 Beyond what Search can see, or Fancy track!
 'Tis the Improvement of the Part divine,
 When Souls in their Seraphick Transports join;
 In Souls united, so we Friendship see,
 As many Glories make a Deity.

Enter Alcibiades from the back part of the Scenes.

Drax. Madam, yonder he comes who must retrieve
 Your drooping Hopes, and your faint Joys revive.

Tim. My *Alcibiades*! how I begin
 To think my misplac'd Jealousy did sin!
 Go meet him, seem all troubled and in Tears,
 And with the Tale I taught thee, wound his Ears:
 Mean while I will withdraw my self this way,
 Nor would my swelling Passions let me stay.

[Goes to the door.

Alc. What airy Visions o'er my Eyes there move,
 Like the good Genius of an absent Love!
 Where-e'er I turn me, I methinks espy
Timandra's Image softly gliding by.
 Such fond Ambition Love his Slaves does teach,
 To make 'em fancy what they cannot reach,
 For, Oh, divine One! ———
 How sickly Joys Honour and Greatness grant,
 When thee the Glory of my Soul I want!

Drax. My Lord! ———

Alc. —Guard me, ye Powers! *Draxilla* here,
 And weeping too! Oh my prophetic Fear!

What

What is't your coming here would seem to tell?
Relate, oh quickly, is my Princess well?

Drax. Oh Sir! In that unhappy fatal Night,
When to the *Spartan* Camp you took your flight,
When by the cruel Senate you were drove,
Both to forsake your Country and your Love;
Timandra, and myself, as we were fate
In her Apartment, grieving for your Fate:
No sooner, with sad Jealousies oppress'd,
Her wearied Soul in Sleep sought after Rest,
But Grief new Scenes of Misery brought in,
And play'd in Dreams its Horrors o'er again:
Sometimes her tender Arms she'd forward stretch,
Then fiercely at the empty Air would catch:
Weary'd with Grief, she then would milder be,
And in a hollow Sigh send out, Ah Me!
At last she rose, and 'bout the Chamber walk'd;
Sometimes she started, then stood still and talk'd:
Anon, repeat some short and pithy Pray'r;
Again grew wild, and tear her precious Hair;
'Till having so wrought Sorrow to that height,
That her Soul grew too tender for the Weight:
E'er I my Courage could collect, to go
And give a Hindrance to the fatal Blow,
She with her Dagger stabb'd herself, and said,
Thus dy'd *Timandra*, that unhappy Maid.

Alc. Ye Gods! Is't thus your Justice you dispense,
To lay th' Reward of Guilt on Innocence?
What though these sacrilegious Hands have thrown
Your Images, those Pageant Glories, down!
Must you Revenge on her I lov'd transfer?
You might have plagu'd me, so y'ad pity'd her.
But thus I'll send my Soul, where it may tell
She lov'd too rashly, but not lov'd too well:

[*Offers to fall on his Sword, but is hinder'd by Draxilla.*
Oh Sister! do not hinder me my Death;
Sighs are the only Use I've left of Breath:
One Blow will put an end to Grief and me.

Enter

Enter Timandra.

Tim. That, Sir, you must not do, nor must I see.

[*Alcibiades starts.*]

Why fly you back? Nay, if you shun me now,
I shall grow apt to think my Fears too true.

Alc. Oh Heavens! does then my dear *Timandra* live! }

The Joy's too mighty for me to receive;
This was the greatest Bliss Heav'n had to give. }

How rashly did my impious Rage profane
Your Goodness! oh but wash away that Stain,
Then I with Victims will your Altars load,
And have a Sacrifice for ev'ry God:

'Till by those holy Fires this black Offence

Be purg'd, and purify'd to Innocence.

But Dearest, how could you so cruel be,

To let such Bliss be dress'd in Misery?

To tell me you were dead!

How could you think but th' Horror of that Breath
Must damp my Soul, and chill me into Death?

Tim. Alas! my Fears could find out no Relief,
But thus t'assault you in the garb of Grief;
This Trial of your Faith my Joy secures,
As Thunders usher in refreshing Showers.

Alc. Let us no longer then to Doubts give way,
But haste to th' Consummation of our Joy;
So with our bright united Flames, dispel
Those anxious Mists that on our Bosoms dwell,
Being of no other Jealousy possess'd,
But which shall kindest prove, and love the best.

Tim. And when our faithful happy Hearts shall be
Firmer united by that sacred Tie,

How in an endless Road of Bliss we'll move,
Steering our Motions by our perfect Love!

There we with Pleasure will recount each Woe,
Which we have pass'd, and others undergo.

There we'll reflect o'th' various Hopes and Fears,
The mournful Sighs and the impatient Tears

Of

Of distressed Lovers, whilst we'll kindly thence,
Through a strange mystical Intelligence,
Give 'em Redresses by our Influence:

Till so, by ours——

Their full-grown Joys receive a happy Birth,
As Planets in their kind Conjunctions bless the Earth.

Alc. Then, my *Timandra*, to our Bliss let's fly,
There's but one Minute more to Ecstasy. [Exeunt.

Enter Queen and Ardella.

Queen. Oh, my *Ardella*, whither shall I turn?
I'm all o'er Flame, in ev'ry part I burn.

Ard. Your Majesty——

Queen. Fool, Majesty! what's that?
Th' ill-natur'd Pageant Mockery of Fate;
When her ungrateful sportive Pow'r she'd show,
Raising us high——
To bar us of the Benefits below.
But I'll her servile Policy despise,
And make her stoop to Love's great Victories.
Th' Almighty Pow'r of Heav'n came down from thence,
To taste the Sweet's of am'rous Excellence:
Why then should Princes, that are Gods below,
Think that a Sin which Heav'n is proud to do?

Ard. But Madam, is it not a cruel thing
T' abuse a loving Husband, and kind King?

Queen. Dull Girl, thou know'st not what a Husband is;
Alas, they never reach the height of Bliss,
But ignorantly with Love's Magick play,
'Till they raise Spirits they want Pow'r to lay,
In that brave *Alcibiades* there swarm
So many Graces, he's all over Charm.
Such killing Airs in each part of him move,
His Brows dart Majesty, and his Eyes Love:

Oh, my *Ardella*, I am lost in Thought!
I fain would have thee——yet 'tis false, I'd not.

Ard. Madam, your Royal Pleasure but relate,
I'll be as faithful, and as firm as Fate.

Queen.

Queen. Art thou then skilful in Love's subtle Arts,
Cunningly to lay Ambuscades for Hearts?
Canst thou express a melting kind Desire,
And, give a feeling Draught of Love's soft Fire?

Ard. Madam, so subt'ly I'll his Heart betray,
As one, who by some great Magician's Pow'r,
Is hurry'd through the Regions in an Hour,
And for return again can find no way.

Queen. My better Angel! Fly then swift as Time,
Or Thought; thou gain'st a Queen in gaining him.
But use such Secrecy as stolen Loves should have,
Be dark as the hush'd Silence of the Grave.

Ard. Madam, distrust not but that I shall do,
Both what is to your Love and Honour due.

Queen. Honour! a very Word; an empty Name;
How dully wretched is the Slave to Fame!
Give me the Soul that's large and unconfin'd,
Free as the Air, and boundless as the Wind;
Nature was then in her first Excellence,
When undisturb'd with puny Conscience,
Man's Sacrifice was Pleasure, his God, Sense.

Enter Tisaphernes.

Tis. Madam, by the King's Command I'm to you sent,
Who attends your Royal Presence in his Tent.

Queen. I go——— [*Exeunt Queen and Ard.*

Tis. ——— Now all is ripe, methinks I see
Treason walk Hand in Hand with Destiny,
And both in a kind Aspect smile on me.
Now the whole Court proceeds to solemnize
The Nuptials of proud *Alcibiades*.
Where ev'ry thing does as I'd wish combine,
To give a happy End to my Design.
It is the Custom at a Marriage-Feast,
The Bridegroom———
With a full Bowl presents his chiefest Guest.
The Cups, by my great Secrecy and Care,
With strongest Potion all infected are:

Which

Which when our *Alcibiades* shall bring,
 And offer us his Duty to the King,
 The Poison and his sudden Death will seem
 Fully a traitorous Design in him.
 Then must the Crown descend on me, and so
 I feast my Rage, and my Ambition too.
 Let Cowards Spirits start at Cruelty,
 Remorse has still a Stranger been to me.
 I can look on their Pains with the same Eyes,
 As Priests behold the falling Sacrifice.
 Whilst they yell out the Horror of their Moans,
 My Heart shall dance to the Music of their Groans. [*Exit.*]

Enter Captain of the Guards.

Capt. Look that your Care and Diligence be great,
 See the Guards doubled, and each Cent'nel set. [*Exit.*]

*The Scene drawn, discovers the Tent of a Pavilion; in it
 an Altar, behind which are seated the King and Queen,
 attended by Tissaphernes, Patroclus, and the rest of the
 Camp; about the Altar stand several Priests of Hymen.*

King. Each Day brings some surprize of Pleasure, here
 Love vies his Triumphs with the God of War.

Six Priests of Hymen dance.

*The Dance ended, enter chief Priest and Priestess of Hymen,
 Priest leading Timandra, and the Priestess Alcibiades.*

Priest sings.

Distracting Jealousies and Fears,
 Heart-breaking Sobs and restless Tears
 Fly to the Breasts that are
 Wrack'd with Despair :

In this,

Priestess. Or this.

[*Bliss.*]

Chor. No Tears but those of Joy, no Pantings but of

Priestess. Yes, yes, by Love alone we see

On Earth the Glories of a Deity :

For 'tis the greatest Work above,

To be innocent, and love.

Those

Those then that flame so nobly here,
What ravishing Delights must they have there !

Cho. Who on Earth to their Honour are just, and their
Must reap the chief Blessings above. [Love,

Priest. Let's then proceed, and *Hymen's* Aid implore
To join those Hands whose Hearts were link'd before.

Priestess. Agreed.

Priest. Agreed.

Priestess. Agreed.

Priest. Agreed.

Cho. *Hymen*, oh *Hymen*, come away,
Crown the Wishes of this Day,
See, see these pure refined Desires [Fires.
Wait at thy Torch, wait at thy Torch, to improve their

*Whilst this Chorus is singing, Hymen enters with his Torch,
and joins their Hands with a Wreath of Roses, which
the Priestess strikes with her Spear and breaks ; then
they offer both Parts upon the Altar.*

*This Ceremony ended, a Dance is perform'd by four Priests
and Priestesses of Hymen, all carrying in their Hands
short Spears muffled with Flowers and Boughs of Fruit :
after which a Bowl is brought in and presented to Al-
cibiades, who immediately upon the receipt bows to the
King, who descends with the Queen, and receives the
Bowl of him, then speaks.*

King. To shew how strict a Reverence I have
For every thing that loyal is and brave,

[Drawing near to *Tissaphernes*.

This signal Honour only due to me,
Thus *Tissaphernes* I confer on thee. [Presents him the Bowl.

Tis. Confusion ! What means this ?

King. Nay, do not start,

It is the Offering of a grateful Heart :
Come drink to such a depth as may express
Thy Wishes for their Joy, and *Sparta's* Happiness.

Tis. I must obey your Majesty — [back.

[Proffering to drink, lets fall the Bowl, and seems to swoon

Pat. Alas my Father !

King.—How fares our worthy Friend?
Hence quickly, for our chief Physicians send.
So much this aged Hero I esteem,
I rather could part with my Crown than him.

Tis. My Health, Sir, needs no other help than this, [*faintly*.
That you will pardon its Infirmities.
The Wine was of so strong an Excellence,
Its Spirits prov'd too mighty for my Sense.

Alarum without. Enter Officer.

Off. Dread Sir, your Camp th' *Athenian* Force alarms :
Without the City-Gates th' appear in Arms.
And with a num'rous and a warlike Train,
Begin their March upon the neighb'ring Plain.
Their bloody Ensigns all display'd appear,
And hold an am'rous Combat with the Air :
Loofely they fly, and with a wanton Play,
Seem to salute the Sun-beams in their way :
Whilst their shrill Trumpets rattle in the Sky,
As if with Musick they'd charm Victory.
And this triumphant Pride does higher grow,
That they may make a Conquest fit for you.

King. 'Tis well ; ev'ry Battalia reinforce
With my late fresh Supplies of *Persian* Horse.
Their Fate no longer will delay endure ;
Prepare to fight 'em in this very Hour.
I'd have this Day hereafter famous be,
For the Renown of Love and Victory. [*Shouts from afar.*

Enter another Officer.

2 Off. The Enemy, Sir, does on the Plain appear,
And with re-echo'd Shoutings pierce the Air.

King. So Beasts decreed for Slaughter, e'er they fall,
With their own Bell'wings ring their Funeral.



ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE, *the Camp.*

Enter Tiffaphernes.

Tif. CURSE on my niggard Stars ; they were so poor,
That my Revenge prov'd greater than their
My Fury had begot so vast a Birth, [Pow'r :
Fate wanted Strength enough to bring it forth:

[*Trumpets afar off sound a Charge.*

That sprightly Sound darts fiercely through my Soul.
Oh that I might one Minute Fate controul ;
Could but command one happy fatal Dart,
To send it self into a General's Heart.

Enter King and Queen attended. [claim :

King. Thus must proud States submit , when Monarchs
They govern in a rude disorder'd Frame,
As Stars in a dim Senate rule the Night,
But vanish at the Sun's more potent Light.

Athens now feels the Fury of my Heat :
A Pow'r like theirs, divided, can't be great :
It may tumultuous and num'rous show,
But ne'er contract to give a steady Blow.

Queen. In States, those monstrous many-headed Pow'rs,
Their private Int'rest publick Good devours.
'Tis true, when in their Hands a Rule they gain,
They know to use that Power, not maintain.
Like Pirates in a Fleet, a while they may
Seem dreadful ; but when by some juster force
Oppos'd——

Each his own Safety seeks, and shrinks away.

Tif. You, Sir, have vanquish'd Emperors, fetter'd Kings :
States are such mean and despicable Things,
Compar'd with other Glories y'ave subdu'd,
Their Conquest seems but a soft Interlude.

[*Trumpets from far sound a Retreat.*

Enter a Messenger.

Mef. This Minute, Sir, your Glories are compleat,
The routed Enemy makes a fair Retreat :
Victory, blushing they no more could do,
With a full Wing directs her Flight to you.

King. Thus, *Deïdamia*, are our Wishes crown'd,
Love and Renown in the same Sphere go round :
Our lasting Loves draw lasting Victories,
Whilst Courage takes his Flame from Beauty's Eyes.

Enter another Messenger.

2 Mef. Thus hourly, Sir, fresh Glories you receive,
Athens no more's your Enemy, but Slave.
Like the sad Ruins of a Hurricane,
Their tatter'd Troops are scatter'd o'er the Plain,
And in disorder'd Parties make away.

King. Relate, how went the Bus'ness of the Day ?

Mef. Brave *Alcibiades* has Wonders done,
Ne'er greater Courage was in *Sparta* shown.
Troops were not able to withstand his Shock,
Like Thunder from a Cloud his Fury broke
On all his Enemies ; and like that too,
Death and Amazement did attend each Blow.
Long doubtful Fortune dally'd on her Wheel,
And neither seem to move it, nor stand still ;
'Till at the last the brave *Polyndus* fell.

His Loss did so much amaze the Enemy,
That in disorder they began to fly,
Yet brave *Theramnes* rally'd in their head ;
Though so their Fate was but a while delay'd,
For by our Gen'ral he was Captive made.
At which again they did their Flight renew,
With Numbers too so tatter'd and so few,
It had been Barbarism to pursue.

Then fair *Timandra*, who from far had been
An anxious Looker on this tragick Scene,
With all the haste Joy could, or Love afford,
Flies to congratulate her conqu'ring Lord ;

Now

Now both in solemn Triumph this way move,
To crown your Glories, as you crown'd their Love.

Trumpets. Enter Alcibiades, Patroclus, Timandra, and

Theramnes Prisoner: Alcibiades kneels to the King.

King. Sir, of your Brav'ry I've already heard,

So much above the Power of Reward;

It were but just that I should Homage do,

And offer up Acknowledgements to you.

Rise, Sir, and give this Ceremony o'er,

The Posture ill becomes a Conqueror. [*Alcib. rises.*]

Alc. Conqu'rors that are Triumphant in the Field;

Must at their Monarch's Feet their Trophies yield:

For all those Glories which their Conquests claim,

They only have subordinate from them.

Thus, though my Sword this Captive has o'ercome,

It is from you he must expect his Doom.

Ther. Yes, and in this you have o'ercome him too.

He cannot talk, Sir, half so fast as you.

Curse, though I am your Prisoner, I hate

To hear your Pride upbraid me with my Fate.

Alc. Why, Sir, was't not my Favour that you live?

Ther. No; for I hate that Life your Hand did give.

Know, had your Fate been mine ———

I should have urg'd kind Destiny more home,

And there have revell'd Rival in your room.

Alc. Sir, for your Love, you shew but weak Pretence,

When all your Arguments are Insolence.

Whence does it spring?

Ther. —From whence your Bliss you draw,

Love that ne'er clogg'd his Profelytes with Law.

I lov'd this fair-one first, and you must know

I'll love her still; and what's all that to you?

Alc. This Rudeness, Sir, my Fury can't engage:

You are ill-manner'd, and beneath my Rage.

Ther. But know I'll follow still my Hate to thee;

Nor shall my Chains obstruct thy Destiny:

Thou didst supplant me in *Timandra's* Love,

For which I gave thy Glories a Remove;

And on thy Ruins made myself more great :
 But since my Wishes Fate would not compleat,
 My Fury with my Fortune shan't decrease,
 I'll still pursue thy Life and Happiness:
 By all Despairs, dark Arts, thy Fall design,
 'Till in thy Blood I write *Timandra* mine.

Alc. Rave on; know of your Threats no Sense I feel,
 I'd laugh at 'em, wer't not to lose a Smile.

King. But I'll take care that he shall better know,
 What 'tis a Captive for his Life does owe.
 How dare you offer here these Injuries ?
 Know you how much this gallant Man I prize ?
 Guards, to Confinement the Offender bear,
 Be his Bonds narrow, and Restraint severe,
 Since in your Breast such a hot Phrenzy reigns,
 We'll try how you can brave it in your Chains.

Ther. So King, as thou shalt envy what th'ast done ;
 I have a Soul can smile when thou dost frown.
 Whilst I *Timandra's* fair Idea wear,
 I can't want Freedom, for I'll think of her. [*Exit guarded.*]

Ther. Thus, Madam, to your Eyes must Conquest bow ;
 Who are your Slaves, no other Fetters know.

Tim. If any Charms in me there can appear,
 They only are confin'd and bounded there ;
 No greater Aims, nor more Ambition know,
 Than how, Sir, to oblige him that serves you.

Alc. Your gen'rous Pity to our faithful Flames,
 That Power which it gave 'em justly claims.
 Thus happy by your great Indulgence made,
 In Joys so perfect, nothing can remove :
 Your spreading Glories ne'er shall shrink or fade,
 'Till you forget to aspire, and we to love.
 But how dare I usurp the least Pretence,
 Who only borrow all my Laurels hence ! [*Pointing to Pat.*]
 This is that noble Youth, who, when I stood
 Beset on ev'ry side with Death and Blood,
 To my Relief such gen'rous Succour brought,
 And Things so much above ev'n Wonder wrought.

Pat. You, Sir, that taught me Friendship, taught me too,
How much is to that sacred Title due.
No, Sir, if your dear Life at hazard lie,
Though thousand Deaths should dare me, on I'll fly,
And conquer all, or bravely with you die. }

Alc. In Gallantry you are so absolute,
That I grow faint, and flag in the pursuit.
Yet that Return accept in silence here,
Which is so great 'twill no Expression bear. [*Embraces him.*]

Tif. Hell! Sure my Blood is grown degenerate,
Can this my Son embrace the Man I hate? [*Aside.*]

King. How, *Tiffaphernes*, is thy good Age blest
In such a Son, of such a Friend posselt!
Thus from thy rev'rend Trunk fresh Glories spread,
And with their pious Laurels shade thy Head.

Tif. In this warm Comfort patiently I'll sit,
'Till Fate shall come and claim her latest Debt.
Sometimes my Youth's past Triumphs I'll review,
And please my self they were approv'd by you:
Alas! I've nothing else left now to do. [*Ironically.* }
Oh my dear Boy! Sir, be my Joy thus shown,
Possess the Father as you've gain'd the Son [*Embraces both.*]

King. Monarchs, thus propt, the shocks of Fate defy,
No Bonds so firm as those which Friendship tie.

[*Exit King attended.*]

Manent Alcibiades, Timandra and Draxilla.

Alc. Now, noblest Sister, how shall be repaid
Those large Endearments, which your Love has made?
Our Happiness will but imperfect prove,
If 'midst the growing Pleasures of our Love,
We nothing else in Gratitude can do,
Than only wish a Happiness to you.

Drax. What I have done, Sir, never had regard
To that sinister thing we call Reward.
Good Deeds their worth and value have from hence,
They their own Glory are and Recompence.

Alc. But Sister, if I might one Question move?

Drax. Your Pleasure, Sir?—

Alc. — Could you not, Madam — love
The Friend, in whom I'm happy since I came,
In Honours as renown'd as in his Name?
He, when I to him often would relate
The sad Adventures of my Love and Fate;
So much your gallant Friendship did admire,
That with your Character he grew on fire;
And bears a Flame so noble and sublime,
As not to love again, would be a Crime.

Drax. Sir, that's a thing I cannot now discourse;
Love rarely conquers with a sudden Force.
Nor must I that acknowledge as my due,
Which was perhaps a Compliment to you:
If any thing in me he can approve,
I may believe it Gallantry, not Love.

Alc. I shall no more your Modesty offend:
Pardon a forward Zeal to serve my Friend.
But if aught add a Blessing, 'twill to see
You made as happy as you have made me. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Tisaphernes and Patroclus.

Tis. D'you understand, *Patroclus*, what you've done?
Have you consider'd that you are my Son?

Pat. Sir, 'tis a title I am proud of. —

Tis. How can you then descend to things so base,
That blot my Glory, and my Name deface?
Whilst thus your blinded Folly so adores
The only Traitor that my Soul abhors?

Pat. How, Sir? I doat upon the Man you hate!
No, I had never Thoughts so impious yet.
By all my Hopes, if any Wretch there be
So unhappy to be held your Enemy,
Rather than in my Breast his Image bear,
I'd raze it from my Heart, or stab it there.

Tis. Stay, lest you should pronounce too rash a Doom,
Believe it is a Blow will wound you home.

But I will try —
What gen'rous Resolution you express,
Know then you must hate *Alcibiades*.

Pat.

Pat. Protect me Heav'n! can you command that I
Should break that Knot you did so lately tie!
Was't not your Love that did our Friendship join?
Did not your kind Embraces second mine?

Tif. Embraces! Love! and Kindness! what are these?
The outward Varnish that our Hearts disguise.
Hast thou so long with Courts conversant been,
The various Turns of Power and Greatness seen,
And hast thou not this Mystery yet found,
Always to smile in's Face we mean to wound?
Come, you must hate him, nay and kill him too.

Pat. Oh let me rather beg my Death from you.
Can you command me, Sir, to wound a Heart,
Whereof I do possess so great a part?
In that I should prove a Self-murderer:
Piercing his Breast, I stab my own Image there.

Tif. Come, lay these idle Boyish Scruples down,
Do as becomes your Virtue, and my Son.
Can you behold him rev'ling in my place,
And turning all my Honours to Disgrace:
And can you of so little Value prize
The Honour of your Blood, not to shed his?

Pat. Oh, Sir, no farther urge this horrid Theme,
'Twill blast your Glories, and your Wreaths defame.
Do but look on that Life you would destroy;

See if it ben't as spotless and serene,
As that which in their Heav'n blest Saints enjoy,
Pure and untouch'd but with a Thought of Sin.

By all the Endearments of a filial Love, [Kneels.
And if that Charm cannot your Pity move,
By my dear Mother's Ghost, whose dying Pray'r
Bequeath'd me her chief Treasure to your Care,
This unjust cruel Enmity lay down,
And do not in his Friend destroy your Son.
On the past Brav'ry of your Youth look back,
There the bright Paths of all your Triumphs track:
Think what 'twill be those Glories to exchange
For a base, brutal, infamous Revenge.

Oh, Sir, recall, recall the dire Decree,
'Tis such a Deed as Fate will shrink to see.

Tis. Then 'tis the fitter to be done by me.
Give this unmanly childish Pity o'er,
Or ne'er presume to call me Father more.

Pat. Then see how I resign that Int'rest here : [*Rises.*
Thus all the Bonds of Duty cancell'd are.
Whilst such black Horrors in your Soul I see,
Y'are not my Father, but my Enemy.
Now against me let all your Vengeance come,
Thus, thus my Breast for your Revenge has room.
Brave *Alcibiades*——

No, since such barb'rous Mischiefs you dare do,
I'll die for him, but scorn to live for you.
Why don't you strike, Sir? Is your Rage grown faint?

Tis. I fear I've too much triss'd with this Boy;
Curse on his Honour, 'twill my Hopes destroy.
But I'll smooth all in time. Oh my dear Son,
Now art thou worthy to be call'd my own.
None but a Heart, that's truly noble, cou'd
Ever deserve a Title to my Blood.
No, may ye both in your brave Friendship be
As truly Happy as I am in thee.

That's curst—— [*Aside.*

Pat. Is then my Father kind? can he approve
Our Friendship? Does he once more crown our Love?
Oh, Sir, let thus my Acknowledgment be giv'n,
As we for Blessings offer thanks to Heav'n. [*Kneels.*

Tis. Rise, rise, thou Comfort of my Age; I now
Have understood all I could wish to know.
Alas, in this Disguise I did but try
'The Strength and Virtue of thy Constancy,
'Tis a Refreshment to this hoary Head,
To prove that Virtue which myself have bred.
Thus blest in Peace I'll to my Grave descend,
As the declining Sun goes down at Night,
Pleas'd with the rising of an offspring Light.

Pat. Such mystick Ways Fate does our Loves confirm,
As rooted Trees stand faster by a Storm. After

After this shock our Friendship's more secure,
As Gold try'd in the Fire comes forth more pure. [*Exit.*

Tis. There's some Foundation yet for my Design;
The Captive's brave; I'll try to make him mine.
Unweary'd I will let my Fury range,
And leave no Heart unsearch'd to find Revenge. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *A dark Tent.*

Theramnes in Chains.

Ther. How sweet a Quietude's in Fetters found!
That it seems almost Freedom to be bound.
Though thus confin'd, my agile Thoughts may fly
Through all the Regions of Variety.
Here in a trice I can the World run o'er,
And finish whole Years Labours in an Hour.
But oh my Mistress! my *Timandra* lost!
That is the only Bitterness I taste:
This outward Fetter but my Body chains,
But that the Freedom of my Soul detains.
Why by my Rival's Sword did I not fall?
So bravely have embrac'd one Death for all?
Yet why should I court such an abject Fate?
Courage is the Supporter of the Great.
Methinks I've something yet to do might prove
Becoming both my Glory and my Love.
I'll—hah, this does my busy Thoughts prevent.

Enter Tissaphernes.

Is that old Fiend for a Tormenter sent?
Good Sir, upon what Message are you come?
Am I then destin'd to some harder Doom?

Tis. No, I am come to give your Sorrows ease:
I know you hate, Sir, *Alcibiades*:

Nay, and I know you love *Timandra* too.

Ther. Well, Sir, all this I know as well you.

Tis. Come if you dare be brave, be't on this Theme:
Dare you, Sir, ravish her, and murder him?

Ther. For what dark Ends do you this Question bring?
Dare! 'sdeath, old Sir, I dare do any thing.

Tis.

Tis. That word then all my former Doubts secures;
Be only resolute, and *Timandra's* yours.

My Stratagems so subtly I will lay,
That to your Arms your Mistress I'll betray.
Thus then as the first Step to our Design,
Your Guards I'll with adulterated Wine
Secure; so they charm'd in a Lethargy,
I'll from your Bonds and Prison set you free.
Then, when some happy Moment shall present
Timandra left unguarded in her Tent,
Both of us thither in Disguise will move,
To end your Rival, and compleat your Love:
For when your fill of Bliss you have enjoy'd,
And your full Pleasures with themselves are cloy'd;
I thither will alarm our Enemy,
Where by both Swords he shall be sure to die.
And the next Night (the Watch-word given by me)
You may 'scape through the Guards to Liberty.

Ther. Revenge! my Love enjoy'd, and Freedom too!
Then in the Name of *Pluto* be it so.
What stupid Ignorance the World possest,
That only Fury plac'd i'th' youthful Breast!
No, 'tis in Age alone great Spirits are young:
The Soul's but infant when the Body's strong.
These hoary Heads like grisly Comets are,
Which always threaten Ruin, Death, and War.

Tis. Alas, such tame Souls know but half a growth:
I'll make my Age a step to a new Youth:
Such Murders and such Cruelties maintain,
I'll from the Blood I shed grow young again.

Ther. Let's in the Name of Horror then go on;
Methinks I long to have the bus'ness done:
Something like Conscience else may all defeat,
You know, Sir, I'm but a raw Villain yet.

Tis. Conscience! a Trick of State, found out by those,
That wanted Power to support their Laws;
A bug-bear Name, to startle Fools: But we
That know the Weakness of the Fallacy,

Know

Know better how to use what Nature gave.
 That Soul's no Soul, which to it self's a Slave.
 Who any thing for Conscience sake deny,
 Do nothing else but give themselves the Lye. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The Camp.*

Enter Patroclus and Draxilla.

Pat. Why, Madam, do you fly a Lover's Pray'r?
 Is Cruelty the Privilege o'th' Fair?

Drax. You cannot, Sir, i'th' Camp be Beauty's Slave,
 Where Honour's the only Mistress of the Brave.

Pat. But 'tis a rugged Honour got in Arms,
 When not made soft by Beauty's sweeter Charms;
 That melts our Rage into a kind Desire,
 Whilst Love refines it in his purer Fire.

Drax. Lovers, whose flights so sublime Pitches choose,
 Oft soar too high, and so their Quarry lose.
 But you, Sir, know to moderate your height,
 Missing your Game, can eas'ly slack the flight.

Pat. Such faint Essays may fit a common Flame,
 But my Desires have a far nobler Aim,
 Religious Honour, and a Zeal that's true,
 Rais'd by that Deity to which I sue.

Drax. Those who to Deities their Off'rings pay,
 Make their Addresses in an humbler way,
 Not in a Confidence of what they give,
 But modest Hopes of what they shall receive.

Pat. I in my Off'rings no Assurance have,
 Though an Ambition to become your Slave.

Drax. Yes, but when once admitted to that place,
 You'll still be looking for some Acts of Grace.

Pat. Some little Favours Pity can't deny,
 You are too noble to use Cruelty.

Drax. See, Sir, the Queen! I beg you, Sir, forbear.

Pat. Madam, this way ——— [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Queen and Ardella.

Queen. Did he then suffer no surprize? no shew
 Of Alteration? let's the Progress know.

F Ard. In order, Madam, t'your Command, I went,
 And met him coming from the royal Tent :
 Where, after th'usual Ceremonies past,
 E'er I would feast, I gave him first a Taste ;
 Told him how much his Courage you approv'd,
 That he in no mean Path of Glory mov'd,
 Who in his Arms had so successful been,
 T'engage a Monarch, and oblige a Queen.
 Then nearer came, and whisper'd something more,
 Began to intimate Love's mighty Pow'r.
 He briskly took the hint, and readily
 Began to urge some pretty Things to me.
 By which encourag'd, I to th' bus'ness drew,
 Told him in fine it only was his due
 To be admir'd by all, and lov'd by you.

Queen. And did not then his alter'd Looks betray
 Some Extasy ? some Marks of lively Joy ?

Ard. No, Madam, he knew better Policy,
 Talk'd of your Honour, and his Loyalty ;
 Fine smoothing Terms to cloke a Passion in.
 But if your Majesty—

Queen. What ?

Ard. ——— Had but seen
 How much his Carriage did his Words deceive,
 When with a gentle Sigh he took his Leave,
 As if he languish'd till the Minute came.

Queen. Dost thou then think he entertains my Flame ?
 Let's to my Tent, and wait his coming there.
 Such Swarms of Love within my Breast there are,
 The Heat's too furious for my Soul to bear. }
 What would I give but for a taste of Bliss !
 Oh, the choice Sweets of a stol'n Happiness. [*Exeunt.*]



ACT IV. SCENE I.

Alcibiades solus.

Alc. **U**NDER what fatal Planet was I born!
Sure at my Birth the Heav'ns themselves did
Disjointed Nature did her Course forbear, [mourn;
And held within her Womb a civil War.
I who but now did Fame and Conquest bring,
And added to the Glories of a King,
Must see my Trophies all thrown down again,
By the base Passions of a lustful Queen!
Why was not I born to a common Fate?
Free from the glorious Troubles of the Great:
So in some humble Cell my Years have spent,
Blest with a private peaceable Content.
The vulgar Mortal feels not Fortune's harms;
The highest Structures still are shook with Storms.
See too, she's here; what shall I do or speak?
Fate has beset me, and I've no way to take.

Enter Queen and Ardella.

Queen. My Lord, you something discompos'd appear;
Surely there's nothing that can fright you here.

Alc. Majesty, Madam, is a thing divine.

Queen. If that disturb you, Sir, I'll lay by mine.
Methinks I apprehend a greater Pride,
To view the Man whose Glories spread so wide.

Alc. Madam, you on 'em set too high a Price.

Queen. Perhaps I see not, Sir, with common Eyes;
They best of Honour judge that Honour have,
I find a Secret in me says y'are brave;
You need not, Sir, unfold it, you can guess.

Alc. How craftily she would her Lust express,
And set her Ills off with a winning Dress!

}
What's

What's to be done, which way shall I conclude?
 I must abuse my King, or must be rude.
 I cannot speak. —

Queen. — My Lord, let's sit a while:
 Won't you vouchsafe your Visitant a Smile?

Alc. Smiles, Madam, were too insolent a Joy.

Queen. Fy! put these formal Compliments away.

Ardella, sing that Song I heard to-day.

SONG.

I.

*The brightest Goddess of the Sky,
 How did she panting, sighing lie,
 And languishing desire to die!
 For the triumphant God of War
 Amidst his Trophies did appear,
 As charming Rough as she was Fair.*

II.

*Their Loves were blest, they had a Son,
 The little Cupid, who has shown
 More Conquests than his Sire e'er won.
 He grew the mightiest God above,
 By which we him a Rebel prove
 To Heav'n, that dares be so to Love.*

III.

*How soft the Delights, and how charming the Joy,
 Where Love and Enjoyment each other support!
 Let the Cynical Fool call Pleasure a Toy,
 Who ne'er Fame i' th' Camp had, nor Love in the Court:
 O so kindly the Combats each other succeed,
 Where 'tis Triumph to Die, and a pleasure to Bleed.*

Alc. The Air is charming. —

Queen. — Retire.

[Exit Ardella.]

No lively Symptoms of a growing Fire!

I'll urge him further —

My Lord, your Hand; how beats your Pulse? I fear
 Y'are ill; cold Drops upon your Brows appear:

I'll wipe 'em off ; come, Sir, your Fears remove,
 You need not blush to tell me that you love.
 I'll do it for you, nay, I more will do,
 Blush for my self too when I blush for you.
 Sure this will take ; what does your Wonder mean ?
 Is Love so strange ? —

Alc. — Oh name not that again !
 Could you such Wrong to Royal *Agis* do ?
 Think what's to Heaven, and to your Virtue due.

Qu. Must I be hated then ? and Sir, by you ? [*Angrily.*
 Pish, why d'you talk of Heav'n and Virtue now ? [*Mildly.*

Alc. Not new-made Mothers to their Infants bear
 A firmer Passion, or a tend'rer Care.
 Shew me yours, or your Honour's Enemy,
 See with what Vigour t'your Revenge I'll fly.
 For you with Life I willingly could part,
 But whilst that lasts, *Timandra* has my Heart.

Queen. The heavy Pleasures of the Marriage-Bed
 Dull Repetition soon will render dead.
 Taste fresher Joys, and when they tedious grow,
 Then the old Pleasures may seem gay and new.

Alc. Could I expect to have such Language heard,
 Where Beauty and such Innocence appear'd ?

Queen. Can you my little Beauty then approve,
 And is't so difficult a thing to love ?

Alc. Love, Madam ! only be as truly good,
 As you are fair, I shall not need be woo'd ;
 I'll love you as the Sister of my Blood.

Queen. A Sister's Love's a lean-insipid Bliss,
 So little, we can hardly name what 'tis.
 Where is the Transport, Extasy, Delight ?
 'Tis like thin Meat to a sharp Appetite.

Alc. I know y'are beauteous as the blushing Morn :
 Your Beams the Lustre of a King adorn,
 That King whose Piety me happy made ;
 And can I in return profane his Bed ?
 Though, Madam, I've liv'd free, and never set
 Limits to any thing we call Delight ;

Yet

Yet raise not new Rebellions in my Blood:
Beauty hath Darts too keen to be withstood.

Queen. Yet all its Power has no Force o'er you,
Your cruel Heart's immoveable; but know
'Twill to your Honour be but ill apply'd,
That for your Love a Queen neglected died.

Alc. What is't your Majesty would have me do?

Queen. Are you so ignorant that you don't know?

Alc. Death! not to have some Sense, were to unman
My self; but I'll be Conqu'ror if I can.
Should I be made a Captive to her Charms,
E'er I am warm in my *Timandra's* Arms?
One Stratagem I'll for my Freedom try.
Madam, no longer I'll your Pow'r deny; [*To the Queen.*
For if these Eyes had ne'er *Timandra* known,
You only might have called my Heart your own.
But whilst with her I enjoy Love, and Life,
And you remain the mighty *Agis's* Wife
Know this is all I can in justice do,
I'm ready on your least Commands to shew
I live for her; but yet could die for you.

Queen. Must I then only border upon Bliss?
Rest on the Confines of my Happiness?
As Souls that are excluded Heav'n for Sin,
See all its Glories, but can't enter in.

Alc. No, Madam, free from the dull Clogs of Sense,
We'll reap Delights of nobler Excellence.
Our entwin'd Souls each other shall enjoy,
Tread Virtue's Paths, and never lose their Way.
But if one in his Motion chance to err,
Straight regulate it by the other's Sphere:

——— 'Till at the last,
When the short Zodiack of this Life we've past,
With new-imp'd Zeal beyond the Stars we'll fly,
There meet and mingle to a Deity.

Queen. Then to all hopes of Happiness adieu,
Since my chief Bliss I've lost in losing you:
Oh the tyrannick Cruelty of Fate,
That lets us know our Happiness too late.

Yet

Yet why shou'd I to Fears and Sorrows bend,
 If only on their Fate my Hopes depend?
 A Rival, and a King, I may remove:
 There's nothing difficult to them that love. [*Exit Queen.*
Alc. She's gone. — — —

Greatness, thou gawdy Torment of our Souls,
 The wise Man's Fetter, and the Range of Fools!
 Who is't wou'd court thee if he knew thy Ills?
 He who the greatest heap of Honour piles,
 Does nothing else but build a dang'rous Shelf,
 Or erect Mountains to o'erwhelm himself. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *A Grove adjoining to the Camp.*

Enter Tissaphernes and Theramnes disguis'd.

Tis. Now, Sir, y'are free, and prosperously move,
 To reap the long-wish'd Harvest of your Love.
 One Minute and y'are in *Timandra's* Arms:
 New fetter'd in the power of her Charms:
 Methinks the Thought ev'n my old Blood alarms. }

Ther. His Rage sure works him to an Extasy:
 How the old Monster hugs his Villany!
 Good Sir, dispatch, I cannot brook delay:
 I waste in expectation of my Joy.

But heark, did you not hear a murm'ring Talk?

Tis. Perhaps 'tis she come in this Grove to walk:
 Stay, here they are; by Heav'n the same, 'tis she.
 Retreat a while, blest Opportunity! [*They go to the Door.*
Enter Timandra, with a Book in her Hand, and Draxilla.

Tim. Methinks, *Draxilla*, when *Atlanta* ran,
 And Slaughter was the only Prize she won;
 Her Power a too cruel Rigour bore,
 To kill those she had wounded so before.

[*Theramnes throws off his Disguise.*

Ther. Then, Madam, be not guilty of her Ill:
 Me the poor Wretch y'ave wounded do not kill.
 Ah in your Heart, if such a Sense there be
 Of the Injustice of her Cruelty;

How

How much more Pity from your Breast is due
To him, who ev'ry Minute dies for you!

Tim. My Lord *Theramnes*! by what lucky Hap
Have you from Guards and Prison made escape?

Ther. Who wears your sacred Image in his Breast,
Is of such pure Divinity possess'd,
And from ignoble Bondage so secure,
That feeble Chains fall off, and lose their Pow'r.

Tim. Then, Sir, in your intended Flight make haste,
Lest by some fatal Chance y'are once more lost.

Ther. No, I enjoy a nobler Safety here;
No Danger dares approach when you are near:
These Groves to Lovers Bliss are dedicate,
Free from th' uncivil Outrages of Fate.
Come, let's to something like Delight draw nigh,
And lose ourselves a-while in Extasy.

[*Seizes roughly on her.*

Tim. Guard me, ye Powers! *Draxilla*, help: my Lord!

Tis. Good, gentle Madam, if you please one word.
[*Draxilla runs out, crying Help, and Tisaphernes after her.*

Ther. I cannot see my Rival blest alone;
Must he reap all the Sweets, and I have none?

Tim. This Outrage on my Knees I beg, forbear:
See, Sir, it is *Timandra* sheds a Tear? [*Tis. returns.*
Her whom you vow'd you lov'd with noble Flame:
Oh don't by savage Lust profane that Name!
If 'tis the Envy of your Rival's Joy,
Remove, remove th' Offence some other way:
Save but my Honour, and my Life destroy.

Ther. Such Tenderness might cool another's Blood,
But I am too unhappy to be good.

Let Virtue to dull Anchorites repair,
Who ne'er had Soul enough to know Despair.
I'll banish the Encroacher from my Breast,
And shake him off e'er he take hold too fast,]
Come, let's retire within this Covert by;
I am impatient, and my Blood boils high.

Tim. I will not go, I'll die a Martyr here.

Ther. Then I must drag you.

Tim.

ALCIBIADES.

45

Tim. ——— Barb'rous Ravisher!

Oh! oh! ———

Enter Alcibiades,

Alc. ——— Did I not hear a tender Cry?

Oh Heavens! turn, base Hell-hound, turn, and die,

[*Draws.*

Ther. That, Sir, will be better understood. [*Draws.*

Tis. Y'ave undertook, Sir, more than you'll make good.

[*Draws. They both make at him.*

Enter Patroclus.

Pat. How's this; assaulted! and by such base Odds!
Courage, my Friend!

[*After a fierce Fight between Alcibiades and Theramnes,
Patroclus and Tiffaphernes, Patroclus drives his Fa-
ther off the Stage, and Alcibiades runs Theramnes
through.*

Alc. ——— To the accurst Abodes

Of tortur'd Souls that in dark Horror dwell,

Thus fly, and to thy Fellow-Devils tell,

It was my Sword that sent thy Soul to Hell.

Ther. Hold, Sir, enough; I must your Victim fall,

Tho' an Atonement for my Sin too small.

My hasty Soul can make no longer stay,

Death tolls his Leaden Bell, and calls away.

And now like some sad Trav'ler taking view

Of the long Journey that I have to go,

Whilst I my Thoughts to Heav'n's sweet Mansions bend,

Without your Mercy no Admittance find.

Oh but one Word of Pardon e'er I die;

Secure of that, my Soul dares boldly fly:

Abolv'd by you, it must have welcome there,

As Incense that is offer'd up with Pray'r.

Tim. My Pardon and my Prayers too receive
More than your Guilt could ask me I could give.

Be happy as your Penitence is true;

And may kind Heav'n forgive you, as I do. [*Weeps.*

Ther. Ah! can your Piety vouchsafe a Tear

Of Pity, on an impious Ravisher!

My

My Soul will leave me in an Extasy :
 And I shall know the Sense to know I die.
 Thus, pure Divinity, at your Feet I bow ;
 Here 'tis my Soul would make her latest stay :
 Nor can she——

Beginning hence her Journey, miss the Way.
 But I'd forgot ; beware of——

[Dies.

Alc.——Who can fear,
 That is secur'd by Charms so powerful here ?
 Within these Spheres my Guardian Angels move ?
 These are my Seats of Safety, as of Love.

Tim. They weakly others guard, that can't defend
 Themselves ; I fear more Mischief may depend
 On this Disaster.——

Enter Patroclus.

Alc. So when a Storm's blown o'er,
 And a calm Breeze has smooch'd the rugged Deep,
 The joyful Mariners can fear no more :
 But thus embrace, and lull their Cares asleep.

[Embraces him.

Welcome my Life's Protector and only Friend.
 Hah ! what does that sad Look and Sigh intend ?
 Are you, Sir, wounded ?——

Pat. Yes, too deep, I fear.

Alc. Forbid it Heav'n where is't ?

Pat.——Oh here, Sir, here ;

My Soul is pierc'd, I'm tortur'd ev'ry where :
 Your Friend ! ah let that Title be no more ;
 Behold me as a Wretch forlorn, and poor.
 Imagine ev'ry Form of Misery ;
 And when y' ave sum'm'd up all, then look on me.

Alc. Now some blest Angel to my Soul reveal
 This Doubt ; can he be wrong'd, and I not feel ?
 Ah kind *Patroclus*, this sad Silence break.

Pat. Oh, Sir, you must not hear, nor must I speak.
 Paint out black Horror, in its deepest dread,
 And Troops of Murders hov'ring o'er your Head,

And

And when that hideous Masque of Hell you see,
Think, if you can, that they came all from me.

Alc. Confusion ! how my Thoughts begin to start !
A new unwonted Heat has seiz'd my Heart,
Something unruly, that would fain get place ;
But I'll subdu't.——Be free, kind Friend, alas !
Force me not wrong our Friendship and your Worth.

Pat. That Charm's resistless, and I feel 'twill forth,
But oh it must not ; Duty does forbid :
Yet what's my Duty if my Honour bleed ;
Know then,——now that this stubborn Heart would break !
My cruel Father——oh I dare not speak.

Alc. Hah !

Pat. Led by some blind mistaken Jealousy,
Heaps Treasons upon you, and Shame on me.
It was by him *Theramnes* made escape,
And 'twas he back'd him in this impious Rape.
But oh no more ! Shame does my Words suppress :
Yet think what he will do that durst do this.
I'll go and try if I his Rage can stay :
I may divert the Stream another way. [*Exit Patroclus.*]

Alc. Kind Youth, I cannot fear thy Father's Hate :
He sells his Honour at too cheap a rate.
What have I done that could be call'd a Wrong ?
No, I've a guard of Innocence too strong ;
Whilst I unspotted that and Friendship bear,
No Danger is so great that I need fear.

Tim. Yet be not, Sir, regardless of my Fears ;
Some Pity have of these sad Sighs and Tears.
Whither, oh whither would your Rashness lead ;
To urge a Ruin levell'd at your Head !

Let us——

To some Recess that's safe and humble go :
Timandra can bear any thing with you.

Let Int'rest the unfix'd and wav'ring sway ;
With us——

Love shall supply what Fortune takes away.

Alc.

Tim. Then I'll perform what to my Love is due ;
Unsteady Doubts be gone, blind Fears adieu :
I were unworthy of the Heart you gave,
Were I than you less faithful, or less brave.
And of my Courage too this Proof I'll give,
When you dare meet at Death, I'll scorn to live,
Nor longer be a Vassal to my Fear ;
We'll in each other's Chance a Portion bear.
So Fate has thus at least some Kindness shown,
Neither can Wretches be, nor blest alone. [*Exeunt*]

S C E N E III. *The Camp.*

Enter Tisaphernes and four Villains.

Tis. Is't done——

1 *Vil* Sir, to a Point your Will's fulfill'd;
Theramnes' Guards, as they lay drunk, we kill'd:
Draxilla too, by th' Ambush you had laid
 For your Retreat, was on her Flight betray'd.

Tis: Next, as from me, be there a Message sent,
To bid my Son attend me in my Tent;
In's passage thither you may seize him, so
Convey him to a Cave—

Vil. —My Lord, we go.

Tis. Ye are the best of Rogues ; but disappear :

[Ex. 3 Vil.
You know your bus'ness. So ; the King is here.

Enter King and Queen attended.

King. Lead to the Grove—

Tif. Oh, Sir, there's Treason in the Camp; retreat,
But now the Guards I in confusion met, Who

Who led me where *Theramnes* I beheld,
 The late *Athenian* Captive General, kill'd.
 That little Breath he had left h' employ'd to shew
 His Honour, and his Gallantry to you:
 Treasons so strange and horrid did relate,
 As would seem almost Treason to repeat.
 But, Sir, you have no longer Safety here:
 Secure your self, and leave all to my Care.

King. No more! you know not what you urge me to:
 Secure my self! am I a King, or no?
 That Monarch, who when Danger's near, sits down,
 Shews but a feeble Title to a Throne.
 The best Securities in Courage are;
 We but subscribe to Treasons which we fear.
 Be free, and let me the bold Traitor know,
 To stem the Torrent I my self will go:
 In State I'll meet the fond capricious Wretch,
 And dare him with that Crown which he would snatch.

Tis. Alas, dread Sir, force me not to declare;
 The Name would wound your sacred Breast to hear.
 I in revealing, Honour should offend:
 He once was Noble, Sir, and call'd me Friend.

King. How, Sir, your Friend! and Traitor to my
 Reveal him, or his Treasons are your own. [Crown?

Tis. Alas, but must I! — 'tis so foul a Deed,
 I cannot speak.

King. Hell, Sir; d'ye play? Proceed.

Tis. Then to be short, he you so lately strove
 T'engage in all the firmest ties of Love,
 He whom you almost had from nothing rais'd,
 And on the highest Seats of Honour plac'd;
 Has thence this use of all your Favours shown,
 To make 'em steps to mount into your Throne.

King. Defend me! what do I hear! —
 Sir, you have rais'd a Tumult in my Breast,
 Which will not be so suddenly appeas'd:
 By Heav'ns, see all that you inform be true,
 Or may all Torments which to the Damn'd are due,
 Light on me, if inflicted not on you.

The brave *Athenian* false! it cannot be :
His Soul ne'er dreamt of such Impiety.

Tis. Sir, y'are unkind if you suspect me false,
I never yet abus'd your Ears with Tales ;
Had I such Mystick Policy pursu'd,
Perhaps I'd now been kindlier understood.

King. Alas, dear Friend, misconstrue not my Zeal,
Weigh not my Passions in nice Reason's Scale.
Who would believe a King should blindly place
His Love so firmly, for Returns so base ?
Wrack me no more, but the dark Scruple clear ;
My Soul's in a Convulsion till I hear.

Tis. Yes, Sir, 'tis he, and thus his Plots were laid.
Th' account I from the dying Captive had ;
Whom he with Liberty had brib'd to join
With him in this his treacherous Design :
This Night wi'th' Enemy your Camp t'invade,
On promise it should be by him betray'd.
Which when the gallant Captive did disdain,
He was to Combat dar'd, and by him slain.
If you insist on farther Evidence,
Theramnes' murder'd Guards enough convince :
Hence you may farther Confirmation have.

King. Be bold ; speak what thou knowest —
4 *Vil.* — When to relieve

The Captive's Guards, I by Command was sent,
I found 'em murder'd at the Door o'th' Tent.
In one of 'em some Life did yet remain,
Who told me they were by our Gen'ral slain,
'Cause they *Theramnes'* Freedom had deny'd.
More he had said, but at these Words he dy'd.

King. It was enough. Treason, how dark art thou?
In Shapes more various than e'er *Proteus* knew.
By Heav'n I'll make him base, despis'd and poor,
More wretched than e'er Monster was before.
Naked, and stript of all his Dignities,
I'll lay his odious Crimes before his Eyes :

Then

Then when is Mind his lab'ring with regret,
To make his Infamy the more complete,
Some common Slave shall on him Justice do,
And send his Soul among the damn'd below.

Guards wait on him—

[To Tiffaphernes.

Go e'er my Love return, and I repent,
And seize upon the Traitor in his Tent.
A speedy Vengeance best befits this Wrong,
'Twere too much Mercy to delay it long.

Enter Alcibiades and Timandra.

Alc. This way's the King?

Tif. He's there leapt into the Net.

Thus, Sir, the King salutes you. [*Guards seize Alc.*

Alc. Slaves, retreat.

Tim. Alas, my Lord!

Tif. —Sir, 'tis the Command,

The least of 'em I never durst withstand.

Alc. But, Sir, what Meaning can this Usage bear?

Tif. The King, Sir, quickly all your Doubts will clear.

King. Away with him, thou Poison to my Eyes.

Alc. The basest Wretch not unconvicted dies.

Sir, let me know what 'tis that I have done,

Unworthy of my Honour or your Crown.

If in your Cause who'd spend his dearest Blood,

And is, to be your meanest Vassal, proud,

No greater Welfare than in yours does know,

If he be an Offender, I am so.

King. How cunningly he would seem innocent,

And gild with Flattery his foul Intent!

Thus Traitors in their Fall are like the Sun,

Who still looks fairest at his going down.

'Sdeath, Sir, do you believe me Child, or Fool,

Whom ev'ry fawning Word or Toy can rule?

By Heav'n I'll let you see, Sir, your Mistake;

Hence with the Traitor quickly to the Rack.

Alc. Sir, hear me speak—

King. What is't that you can say,

Who would my Crown and your own Trust betray?

When you from Prison set the Captive free,
 Basely to win him to your Treachery:
 Whom, when on him your Plots could nothing do,
 You kill'd, 'cause he more Honour had than you.

Alc. By all above, Sir, I am innocent;
 I ne'er knew what the Thought of Treason meant.
 But know from whence this Jealousy you drew,
 From him that hates me, and abuses you:
Theramnes had his liberty from hence; [*To Tisaphernes.*]
 And for Designs so base—

Tis.—Oh Impudence!
 To what prodigious height will Treason climb!
 Dare you, Sir, charge me with your heavy Crime?
 Old as I am, my Sword should do me right.
 But—

Alc.—Monster hence, and them that fear thee fright?
 Think'st thou to play with the black Deeds th'ast done?
 Were I but free, though naked and alone,
 Thou too defended by a desp'rate Crew,
 And all indeed more near being damn'd than thou;
 This single Arm should prove my Cause is good,
 And chronicle my Honour in their Blood.

King. Is't thus, Sir, you would plead your Innocence?
 Think you t'outbrave us with your Impudence?
 Once more the Traitor to his Tortures bear.

Queen. But, Sir, your Justice now is too severe.
 'Twere an ill Triumph after Victories,
 To make the Conqueror the Sacrifice;
 That Gallantry some Privilege may plead.

King. His Treasons are too plain, and open laid,
 And all his Merits weigh'd against them light.

Queen. Should we him guilty of worse Crimes admit,
 And that in's death you'd worthiest Justice shew,
 Yet to forgive's the nobler of the two.

King. When *Deïdamia* pleads, I can't deny:
 His Doom's this time recall'd, he shall not die,
 But (robb'd of all his Joys) let him be sent
 To a perpetual Imprisonment;

His

His Treasures riſ'd, and his Wife a Slave.

Alc. Here on my Knees let me one Favour crave.
Whatever Fate you have design'd for me,
It is embrac'd; but, Sir, let her be free:
Let all the Weight of the alledg'd Offence
Light upon me; wrong not her Innocence.

Tim. How mean and abject is your Courage now!
Think you that I dare ſuffer leſs than you?
No, Sir; in this he has no Right to plead;
Whate'er you think either has merited,
Let equal Juſtice on us both be ſhown;
And as we are, ſo let our Fates be one.

Alc. Thou Wonder of thy Sex!—

King. I'll hear no more:
How dare you tempt an angry Monarch's Pow'r?
But ſince his Fate ſo gratefully you eſteem:
Let her be Pris'ner too, but far from him.
He muſt not be ſo happy to have her,
For Fetters would be Bleſſings were ſhe there.
Go ſee ye execute our Orders ſtraight.

Tim. Thus we with Smiles will entertain our Fate.
My deareſt Lord, farewel; let not a Sigh
Or Tear proclaim we grieve, our Parting's nigh.
Were it to quit our Happineſs a Pain,
Joy were not then a Bleſſing, but a Chain.
No, let us part as dying Martyrs do,
Who leave this Life only to gain a new.
Grief equally ignoble were as vain,
Since we at leaſt in Heav'n ſhall meet again.

Alc. So from their Oracles the Deities
Inſtruct the ignorant World in Myſteries.
But, part! that Word would make a Saint deſpair.
Obedience cannot be a Virtue here.
If ſo, ye Gods, ye have ſuch Precepts giv'n,
That an Example would confound your Heav'n:
You Duties beyond your own Omnipotence enjoin;
Can you forſake your Heav'n, or I leave mine?
'Till when thus King I'm fix'd beyond remove,
With all the Cements of an endleſs Love.

Kill me, thou yet shalt of thy Ends despair,
My Soul shall wait upon her every where,
Nay, I'd not fly to Heav'n till she came there.

King. Shall I thus see my self out-brav'd? away,
He is a Traitor that but seems to slay.

[*Alcibiades snatches a Sword from one of the Guards.*

Alc. Now I am arm'd, Death to that Wretch that stirs.

King. Sir, do you think to look us into fears?
Disarm him, Guards, or kill him. [*They fight and disarm*

Tis. Push home, ye Dogs— [him.

Alc.—Sordid Slaves.

Thus ev'ry As the helpless Lion braves.
Adieu, divinest of thy Sex, adieu!
I never thought that I could part till now.
Now I deserve the worst Fate has in store,
That in so brave a Cause should do no more.

[*The Guards offer to lead him off.*

Yet slay, one Look. Thus does the Needle steer
To his lov'd North, and fain would come more near:
When in the eager Prospect of his Joy,
He is by some rude Artist snatch'd away.
Farewel—

Tim. Farewel, and if your Memory
E'er trouble you with such a thing as I,
Let not a Sigh come from you, but believe
I'd rather be forgot, than you should grieve.

Alc. Such Worth shall in each Temple have a Shrine;
What, to regain her, would I not resign?
But she's too Heav'nly to be longer mine.

[*Exe. several ways guarded, and looking back at each other.*

King. She's gone, but oh what mighty Charms there lie
Couch'd in the narrow Circle of an Eye!
Had she but stay'd another Minute here,
I had worn Chains, and been her Prisoner:
And still I fear my Heart is not my own;
For if so bright when to a Dungeon gone,
How would she shine triumphant on a Throne? [*Exit.*

Queen. So, now or never must my Love succeed;
Vainly, weak King, hast thou his doom decreed.

In this beginning of his Fall thou'st shown
 But the imperfect Figure of thy own.
 Few Hours remain 'twixt thee and Destiny,
 'Till when grow dull in thy Security.
Timandra's and thy Death is one Design;
 Then if a Crown can tempt him, he is mine. [Exit.



ACT V. SCENE I.

Tissaphernes solus.

Tis. **N**OW like a Lion on my Prey I'll feast:
 Revenge! thou solace to a troubled Breast,
 Could but *Theramnes* in *Elysium* know,
 How would his Ghost rejoice at what I do!
 [*Theramnes's Ghost rises.*

Ghost. Oh no ———

Tis. Death, what is that I hear and see?
 Begone, dull Ghost; if thou art damn'd, what's that to me?

Ghost. From deepest Horror of eternal Night,
 Where Souls in everlasting Torments groan,
 Where howling Fiends lie chain'd, and where's no Light,
 But thickest Darkness covers ev'ry one,
 I come to warn thee, Mortal, of thy Sin;
 Short time is here left for thee to remain:
 'Twere fit that thy Repentance soon begin,
 For think what 'tis to live in endless Pain.
 Farewel. ——— [Descends.

Tis. — 'Twas an odd Speech; but be it so:
 Pish; Hell it self trembles at what I do;
 And its Submission better to express,
 Sends this Ambassador to make its Peace.
 Let idle Fears the Superstitious awe;
 With me my Resolution is a Law.

Repentance now would be too late begun :
 Ages can't expiate what I have done.
 And if below for Souls such Torments are,
 Methinks there's yet some Brav'ry in Despair.
 The easy King looks little in his State,
 His Crown is for his Head too great a Weight :
 But I will ease him, and adorn this Brow ;
 Thus to my Aims no Limits I'll allow.
 Revenge, Ambition, all that's ill, shall be
 My Bus'ness ; so I'll baffle Destiny.
 Hell ! No, ———
 I'll act such Things whilst here I have Abode,
 'Till my own Trophies raise me to a God.

Enter Queen.

Queen. Now such an Engine is it I would have,
 I know he is a Traitor, and is brave.
 I'll bait him with Ambition that may move ;
 Then if complacent to my Ends he prove,
 In seeming to comply with his Design,
 I'll make him but an Instrument to mine ;
 For when Success me to my Wishes calls,
 I'll shake him off, and then unpropt he falls.
 My Lord ! ———

Tis. Madam.

Queen. My Father lov'd you well,
 I've heard him oft of your Atchievements tell ;
 When in his Camp such gallant Deeds you wrought,
 And always Victory and Triumph brought.

Tis. Madam, your Father was all good and just.

Queen. He could, why may not I, your Honour trust ?

Tis. You wrong it else, your Father lives in you ;
 As I was his, I am your Champion too.
 Though old, against your Foes this Sword shall plead
 Your Right ; name but your Traitor, and he's dead.

Queen. Nay, Sir, the Traitor's not alone my Foe,
 His Injuries extended are to you,
 To you to whom he owes all he enjoys,
 Yet basely him that gave him growth destroys ;

Whilst

Whilst for his Ills he would his Kindness plead,
 To heap your Honours on your Rival's Head.
 Rally your Courage up, if you are brave,
 And at once mine, and your own Honour save.

Tis. Your Majesty would mean the King. D'ye try
 My Resolution, or my Loyalty?

Queen. Your Courage, Sir, is known; your Loyalty,
 If you have any, you'll find due to me.

Through me these Honours you in *Sparta* bore,
 And 'twas my Father made you great before.
 Now know it is the King, whose perjur'd Soul
 Has done me Injuries so base and foul.

That all that's good will blush at; his Vows past
 To me, all in another's Love are lost.

Nay, with my Honour too my Life must bleed;
 He, with the Gen'ral's has my Fall decreed,
 To take the fair *Timandra* to his Bed.

Let's go surprize him now he's full of Wine:
 Revenge me on his Life, his Crown is thine.

Tis. Madam, indeed the Injuries you feel
 Cry loud; nor do I tamely see my Ill.

But you must swear to me you will be true.

Queen. By all that's holy I'll be so to you.

Tis. I'll do't; but, Madam, know, I undertake
 To hazard Life and Honour for your sake;
 Should you betray me: —

Queen. Nay, now you are unkindler than before.
 To my first Oath I'll add a Million more.

Tis. And you will still be mindful of the Crown?

Queen. Had he ten thousand, they were all your own.

Tis. This then's his Fate; pity a Crime were here:
 He shan't have time enough to make a Prayer.

[*Draws a Dagger.*]

Queen. Be bold; and prosper in thy brave Design;
 And when his Death's perform'd, the next is thine.

[*Aside. Exit.*]

Tis. This Trap was dang'rously and subtly laid,
 But I am not so easily betray'd.

Her Love to *Alcibiades* I know;
 Her Woman for me did that Kindness do.
 And since she is so good at the Design,
 I'll to oblige her give her one of mine.
 My zealous urging of her Oath was done,
 Not to prevent her Plots, but hide my own.
 I'll cherish her in all that she pretends,
 So make her Aims but Covers to my Ends.
 For when I'm seated on the *Spartan* Throne,
 Both her and all her Treasons I'll disown:
 Prove both her Judge and her Accuser too,
 And on her my first Act of Justice do.
 So all my Doubts and Fears will be o'erpast,
 And by her Fall I fix myself more fast. [Exit.
*An Apartment, with a Chair of State, and by it a Table,
 with the Crown and Sceptre.*

Enter King and Lords.

King. My Lords, no more, we've drank too deep! I'd
 A while be private. (now
Lords.——Royal Sir, we go. [Ex. Lords.
King. Boy take thy Lute, and with a pleasing Air,
 Appease my Sorrows, and delude my Care. [Sits down.

S O N G.

*Princes that rule, and Empires sway,
 How transitory is their State!
 Sorrows their Glories do allay,
 And richest Crowns have greatest Weight.*

II.

*The mighty Monarch Treason fears,
 Ambitious Thoughts within him rave;
 His Life all Discontent and Cares,
 And he at best is but a Slave.*

III.

*Vainly we think with fond Delight
 To ease the Burden of our Cares!
 Each Grief a second does invite,
 And Sorrows are each other's Heirs.*

IV.

IV.

*For me, my Honour I'll maintain,
Be Gallant, Generous and Brave;
And when I Quietude would gain,
'At least I find it in the Grave.* [The King falls asleep.

Enter Queen and Tisaphernes with a Dagger.

Queen. He sleeps; now let the fatal Deed be done.
Hah! what are these, the Sceptre and the Crown!
So did the drousy Dragon sleep, when he
Lost the rich Fruits of the *Hesperian Tree*.
First we'll secure his Crown, and then he dies.

[Takes up the Crown.

Thus I'm discharg'd of all my Promises.
Take this, and if I claim your Promise too,

[Puts it on his Head.

Y'are King, and Justice is your Duty now.

Come, by his Fall——

This your first Step to Glory solemnize,
I'll make you King, make him my Sacrifice.

Tis. I'll do't, but stay—— *[Advances towards the King.*

Queen.——Nay, quickly to him go;
Sir, he expects no Ceremony now.

Tis. Thus then I——hah! how alter'd am I grown!
I stand amaz'd, and dare not venture on.
There is in Majesty a secret Charm,
That puts a Fetter on a Traitor's Arm:
I cannot do't——

Queen. Then look on her that dares.
How despicable is the Man that fears!
Give me the fatal Instrument of Death;

[Takes his Dagger from him.

Myself will in his Heart this Dagger sheath.
Then blush to think, if e'er the World should know,
That a frail Woman durst do more than you.
Courage—he smiles,—— *[Advances towards the King.*
Some pleasing Dreams his Fancy entertain;
Oh it were Pity he should wake again.

Thus,

Thus, King, thy Life and Empire I command:
Accept this from thy *Deïdamia's* Hand. [*Stabs him.*

King. Hah, murder'd! *Deïdamia*, and by you!
What is't that faithless Woman will not do!

Henceforth all Loyalty and Love farewell.

When After-ages shall this Story tell,

'Twill be a Truth too sad to be receiv'd;

Nor shall the World be by it self believ'd.

Did I for this ev'n Crown and Empire quit,

To lay all my Ambition at your Feet;

When at the Altar strictest Vows I paid?

Nor were they with less Zeal perform'd than made.

I lov'd you far above that Life y'ave spilt,

'Till ev'n my Passion was become my Guilt.

I for your sake depriv'd Heav'n of its due,

Took Adoration thence to pay it you.

And must this be th' Reward for all I've done?

Yet I shall have this Comfort when I'm gone,

That I no longer shall with you remain,

But die in hopes we ne'er shall meet again.

[*Dies.*

Queen. He's gone, and now my Lord——

Tif. ——Oh, what is't you have done?

A while lay your unruly Passions down,

View but the sweet Composure of that Face,

Where Grandeur sat attended by each Grace:

Now there grim Death his ghastly Revels keeps,

And pallid Horror o'er each Feature creeps,

Weep, Madam, weep, to think your Rage has given

That Blow, which robs the World to enrich Heav'n.

Oh my dear Lord, that e'er I liv'd to know

This Day! Madam, I can't conceal it.

Queen. ——Say you so?

But, Sir, I scorn to be betray'd by you.

[*At the noise of People ent'ring, throws away the Dagger, then falls upon her Knees, and lays hold of Tisaphernes; then speaks.*

Treason, Treason, Treason, &c.——

Is't not enough you've shed my Husband's Blood?

Tif.

Tis. The Devil! ——— [good.

Queen. And robb'd the World of all that's great and
But you must seek my Life? Oh Pity take,
If not for mine, at least for Virtue's sake!

Tis. Hell and Plagues!

Queen. But why do I name that? for all that e'er
The World had lost of it, lies murder'd there.

Tis. Very fine. [mine.

Queen. Yet though you've robb'd him of his Life, save
I'll live to ask Heav'n pardon for your Sin.

Tis. So, now I'll stop your Mouth.

[Breaks from her, and takes up the Dagger.

Queen. Help! Murder! Treason! help!

Enter Lords.

1 *Lord.* How, *Tissaphernes* arm'd against the *Queen*!
What means this Posture, Sir?—

Queen. ——— Oh noble Lord
If e'er your Pity cou'd a Tear afford,
Weep down an Ocean there; behold the Spring
Of *Sparta's* Hopes lies murder'd in her King.
And had not I the Traitor's Rage withstood,
He with my Husband's too had mixt my Blood.
See where he guilty stands.

Lord. ——— Great *Agis* slain!
By *Tissaphernes* too!

Queen. Yes, he to gain
The *Spartan* Crown, this bloody Deed has done,
See he already has usurp'd the Crown;
His hot Ambition could not bear Delays,
But on the Royal Spoils thus proudly preys;
Insult in's Treason.

Tis. ——— I am now run down
So far, that all hopes of Recovery's gone.
But, Madam, can you dare to lay this Guilt
On me? was't not by you his Blood was spilt?

Queen. By me, base Wretch, would thy Impiety
Lay this inhuman Regicide on me?
I wound this Breast? ah, dearest Saint, too well

I knew thy Worth !

[Weeps.]

Tif. Death ! she'll be Queen of Hell ;
Pluto will grow in love with her for this.

Lord. My Lord, Treason's above all Pardon.

Tif. —'Tis .

Lord. Then, Sir, to justice.

Tif. No, thus I deny. [Presents his Dagger.]

I liv'd not by it, nor will by it die.

Was it for this my Stratagems I laid

To ruin her, to be by her betray'd ?

Curse on my narrow Fate : but yet to shew

That I love Murder too as well as you,

Thus, perjur'd Queen—

[Offers to stab the Queen, but is hinder'd by the Lords.]

Queen. See, how he'd still pursue

His Treason ! hence to Justice with him go.

Hourly let on the Rack his Pains increase,

Till he the horror of his Guilt confess.

Tif. That shall not need. I'll own the Deed as mine,

But glory in't, it was a brave Design.

The King kill'd ! and I ruin'd ! to compleat

Thy Lust, all by one Stratagem, was great !

So great, that for its sake

I can with Satisfaction yield my Breath,

Else I should take no pleasure in my Death.

But e'er I go, be pleas'd to entertain

The last kind Precepts of a dying Man.

Be bloody, false, revengeful, lustful, all

That can be found recorded on Hell's Roll

Embrace ; where-e'er you rising Virtue see,

Down with it, and set up Impiety.

Make that your Theme, leave nothing ill undone,

So copy *Tissaphernes* when he's gone ;

Who leaves this Counsel as a Legacy :

'Tis my Religion and I'll in it die. [Exit *Tif.* guarded.]

Queen. Hence with the Wretch—

Mean while to my dead Lord I'll Sorrows pay,

And after his sigh my own Life away.

So, now they are gone—Hah, who comes there ?

Enter Ardella.

Ard. 'Tis I.

Queen. *Ardella*, on that thing cast back an Eye;
'Twas once a King, but thank these Hands now none:
Nay start not, *Tissaphernes* too is gone; [*Ardella starts.*
His Treasures all are thine as a Reward.

Ard. You are too kind——

Queen. See straight a Draught prepar'd,
And Murderers; *Timandra* next must fall;
You know our Will, let it be done.

Ard.——It shall. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE, 'A darken'd Tent.

Timandra asleep upon a Couch, a Spirit comes and sings.

Mer. Come, my *Salla*, come away,

Thy Merli calls.

Sal. [*within.*] *Whither?*

Mer. *Hither!* we've no Business to-day,
And where Innocence sleeps, we securely may play.

Sal. I come.

[*Enters.*

Mer. So, welcome my Dear,

But first let's disperse the black Clouds that are here.

Both. Round about this Place we range,

And its gloomy Darknefs change.

To a Bright delightful Grove,

A proper Scene for happy Love.

The SCENE changes to *Elysium.*

Mer. Next, to divert this Fair-One, all

Our wing'd Companions we'll call.

And the Air for Musick charm,

Whilst they their Measures here perform.

Both. Come all you bright Forms that inhabit the Air,
And ease with your Pleasures the Cares of the Fair:
Here frolick and skip, Oh no longer delay!

But let each clap his Wings, and away.

Several Spirits of the Air descend, and dance.

Salla.

Salla. Now let us discover the Mansions of Rest,
Where Lovers with eternal Joys are blest.

[A glorious Temple appears in the Air, where the
Spirits of the Happy are seated.

See Fair-One, see, not long e'er you
To those glorious Seats shall go.

Another Spir. The lustful Queen thirsts for your Blood,
And you are for this World too good.

Mer. Nor shall you come alone, your Lover too
Must meet a Fate the same with you.

Salla. But here your Troubles all shall cease,
'Tis the Seat of endless Bliss.

Cho. Here in endless Pleasures they
Keep eternal Holiday.

Here they revel, sport, and are
Crown'd with Joys still new and rare;
Their Pleasures too can never die,
But like themselves have Immortality.

Mer. See the kind Spirits smile, and now
They'll bless her with a nearer View.

[The whole Body of the Temple moves downward.

Cho. Descend, oh ye Glories, descend!
Who with Blessings eternal are crown'd;
To this Nymph your kind Influence lend,——
Whilst all the Spheres with Harmony resound.

Mer. She wakes; let the Apparition go;
By th' damp upon my Wings I know
Something ill is drawing near;

Come Salla, come away; Oh come away, my Dear.
They all vanish, and the Scene changes again to the Tent.

Tim. I've had a Dream might have a Lover blest;
Oh th' sweet Delights of everlasting Rest!

[Queen appears at the Entrance.

How's this! the Queen? what can her coming mean?

Queen. Ardella with the Ruffians here remain;
I'll in, and with soft words her Temper try;
If without him, she'll live, she shall not die.

Madam!——

[To Timandra.
Tim.

Tim. — Your Pleasure !

Queen. Oft I've heard y'are brave ;
But the best Proof of Gallantry you gave,
When of your noble Lord you were bereft,
And such a Bliss with so rare Patience left.

Tim. Madam, our Flames a nobler Passion rules
Than Fondness, th'idle Guilt of wav'ring Fools ;
Our Loves knew a far higher Excellence,
Than the half Pleasures of a Minute's sense.

Queen. Then you may love, since you can with him part ;
He has made a Conquest o'er my tender Heart.
Love governs here ; and since my Husband's dead,
Fate and my choicest Wishes have decreed,
He should both in his Love and Throne succeed.

Tim. Do you believe Empires or Crowns can make
Him his *Timandra* and his Faith forsake ?
Or think you I an Atom will resign
Of that Heart, which by holy Vows is mine ?
No, I will keep him, maugre Cruelty.

Queen. But, Madam, do you know what 'tis to die ?

Tim. Yes, 'tis to lay these Clogs our Bodies by,
And be remov'd to blest Eternity.

By Death Relief from all our Grievs we gain,
And by one put an end to Years of Pain ;
By that we in one Minute find out more,
Than all the busy Gown-men study for ;
Who after in dull search they've Ages spent,
Learn nothing but to know they're ignorant.
Death is a Blessing, and a thing so far
Above that worst of all our Frailties, Fear,
It claims our Joy ; since by it we put on
The Top of Happiness, Perfection.

Quit him ! no, never whilst I here have breath ;
He's mine in spite of Cruelty or Death.

Queen. Then enter ye grim Ministers of Fate.

Enter Murderers with Poison.

Does not your stubborn Courage now abate ?

Tim.

Tim. No, my Resolves more fixt and firm are grown!
 Bring dreadful'st Racks and Tortures yet unknown,
 Provide one for each Sense, and then do thou
 Tempt me my Love and Interest to forego;
 'Midst of my Pains I'll smile, and tell thee No.

Queen. But Minion, soon your Insolence shall cease.
 Come, since such Resolution you express,
 Take this; demur not; do't--*[Gives her a Bowl of Poison.]*

Tim. And is this all?
 I thought t'have had a more heroick Fall,
 Expected to have noblest Tortures met,
 Not by dull Poison to have found my Fate;
 But any way I can thy Pow'r defy;
 'Tis for my *Alcibiades* I die. *[Offers to drink.]*

Queen. Yet yield, and live ———

Tim. — Live! what have I to do
 With Life, when giv'n by one so base as you?
 Thus I despise it ——— *[Drinks.]*

Queen. What dismal Tortures straight will on her seize!
 So! 'twas a Health to *Alcibiades*.

[After Timandra has drank the Poison.]

Tim. Now blush at what thy impious Rage has done;
 My *Alcibiades* is still my own:
 And if thou him embrace when I am gone,
 Each Night thy Bed I'll haunt, and challenge there
 Those Joys of which thou hast bereft me here.
 Anxious shall be each Day, disturb'd each Night,
 A restless Shade I'll still be in thy Sight;
 And thee i'th' height of all thy Pleasures fright.
 Heav'n, what do I feel!

Queen. Oh, does the Draught succeed!

Arđ. Madam, great *Alcibiades* is freed,
 And just is entering ———

Queen. ——— Straight, with strictest Care
 Convey her in, and wait my Pleasure there.

[The Murderers lead in Timandra.]
 Sweet Murder! oh, no Physick is so good
 For th' hopeless Lover as a Bath of Blood.
 But here he comes ———

Enter

Enter Alcibiades.

—— Now to my Griefs again. [Veils.

Alc. It makes me wonder how I Freedom gain;
All things confus'd and in disorder are.
How's this, in mourning Weeds? unveil, my Fair,
Hah, not *Timandra*! —— [Queen unveils.

Queen. —— No, Sir, though 'tis one
That loves as nobly as *Timandra* can,
Or could, did she yet live; but she is dead.

Alc. How, dead!

Queen. Yes; *Tiffaphernes* that black Deed did do,
Prompted by his ignoble Hate to you.
But you will wonder more, when I shall tell,
That by his Hand the mighty *Agis* fell.
The King is slain, both I and *Sparta* now
Have no hopes left but what remains in you.

Alc. In me! alas! I am a Wretch too poor.
Timandra dead! curst ever be the Hour
Wherein so fair an Innocence was lost.
Heav'n justly now may of its Glories boast;
For the most bright, and precious Saint that e'er
The World enjoy'd, is fled, and seated there.

Queen. Why do you let your Griefs distract your Soul?
Call up your Reason, and let Passion cool.
See here a Queen, that courts you with the Charms
Of Love, a Crown and Empire, to her Arms,
No longer for *Timandra* Sorrow wear;
I will supply all you have lost in her:
I'll love you as she did.

Alc. —— Oh, Madam, no;
To love like her's a Task too hard for you;
Love me as she did? why each Thought she had
Of me, was such, might make an Angel glad:
For Crowns, though Emperor of the World I were,
I'd turn a Beggar to recover her.

Oh, Madam, tempt no further; all's but vain;
I ne'er can have a Thought of Love again.

Queen. Never!

Alc.

Alc. No, never——

Queen. Can you then so soon
Forget your Promise? or will you disown
That e'er, if you *Timandra* should survive,
You vow'd you only for my sake would live?
You see how Heav'n has decreed——

Alc. ——Alas!

I then the Blessing knew, but not the Loss;
Besides I now must die——

Queen. How, Sir, is't thus my profer'd Love you prize?

Alc. I do not hate you; may not that suffice?

Queen. Ungrateful, no! but I'll reward thy Pride.
Draw back:

[*The Scene drawn, discovers Timandra on a Couch, in
the midst of her Pains.*]

——Go Dotard in, enjoy thy Bride,
And know, by me thy lov'd *Timandra* di'd:
Yes cruel Man, by me——

Tim. ——No, *Queen*, she lives,
And still to all thy Rage Defiance gives.
Do I behold my dearest Lord so nigh! [*Spies Alcibiades.*]
Shall I again see him before I die!

Alc. Best Hopes and Comfort of my Life, I'm here.
How fares my Love? ——

Tim. O, come not, come not near;
My Blood's all Fire, Infection's in each Vein,
And Tyrant Death in ev'ry Part does reign;
And I for you could suffer much more Pain. }

Alc. Kind Heav'n! let all her Pangs upon me fall;
And add ten thousand more I'll bear 'em all,
Do but restore her back. Oh cursed *Queen*!
What Devil arm'd thee to so damn'd a Sin?
Cou'dst thou be guilty of so foul a Deed?

Queen. Yes, I did do't; by me the King too bled,
Unworthy Wretch! and all for love of you;
But had I pow'r, I now would kill thee too.

Alc. Oh do't, I'll blot out all thou'ast done before,
And never call thee base, nor cruel more.

Here

Here is my Breast, soon the kind Work begin,
Advance thy Poniard, send it boldly in.

Queen. No, thou shalt live for harder Destiny,
But first shall see thy dear *Timandra* die.

Alc. Oh Misery beyond the Damn'd beneath!
Must I not happy be in Life nor Death?

Tim. Alas! cease your unnecessary Moan;
I find my Torments quickly will be gone.
Though I could wish they might to Years renew,
So I might still be blest with seeing you.
Now the black Storms of Fate are all blown o'er,
And we shall meet, and ne'er be parted more.

But oh farewell—

[*Dies.*

Alc. —My dear *Timandra* stay!
Ah precious Soul, fly not so soon away!
But one Look more; will Death have no Remorse?
See, 'tis thy *Alcibiades* implores.
But oh she's gone! seize there that Murd'ress.

Queen. —No:
Seize me! 'tis more than all your Camp can do:
Whoe'er comes, here's my Guard; alas mean Fool,
[*Presents her Dagger.*

My Fate's a thing too great for thee to rule;
There lies your Constancy. [*Pointing to Timandra.*

[*Alcibiades flees to the Queen, and snatches the Dagger from her.*

Alc. Infernal Hag!
Whose ev'ry Breath infects, each Look's a Plague!
Could not thy Fury on my Bosom rest,
But thou must wreak thy Vengeance on this Breast?
To murder her!—curse on me that I stand
Thus idle; now thy Heart:

[*Presents the Dagger to her Breast.*

——But oh 'twould brand
My Trophies with eternal Infamy,
If by my Hand so base a thing should die:
Her Ills so many, and so odious are,
They would disgrace an Executioner.

Yet

Yet I'd do something; oh I have't, I'll tear [*Ravingly.*
 Her piece-meal:—but *Timandra's* gone too far: [*Mildly.*
 Yonder she mounts! triumphant Spirit stay;
 See where the Angels bear her Soul away!
 Now all the Gods will grow in love with her:
 And I shall meet fresh Troops of Rivals there.
 But thus I'll haste and follow—— [*Stabs himself.*
 ——Devil, there—— [*Throws the Dagger to the Queen.*
 Die, if thou hast Courage enough to dare.
 But oh!——

A heavy Faintness does each Sense surprize:
 Yet e'er I close up these unhappy Eyes,
 Hear the last duteous Sorrows they shall pay,
 And at this Object melt in Tears away.
 Blest Centre of my Hopes, in whom I plac'd
 Too choice, too pure a Happiness to last.
 I any Loss less than thy Death had grieved;
 How well could I have died, so thou hadst liv'd!
 Damn'd Fiend!—— [*To the Queen.*

But oh why do I rave at her,
 That have so little time to tarry here?
 One parting Kiss, and then in Peace I'll die:
 [*Kisses Timandra.*

Now, farewell World; welcome Eternity.

Enter Patroclus, Lords and Guards.

Pat. Horror of horrors! this was a dismal Chance;
 Alas, my Friend!

Alc. ——Thy useless Grief refrain;
 Farewel; we shall hereafter meet again. [*Dies.*

Pat. Guards, seize the Queen——

Queen. ——Seize me, rude Slaves! forbear.

Pat. You shall in short your Accusation hear.
 To kill the King my Father first you made
 Your Property; then basely him betray'd.
 Your Woman all confest, and by the Guard
 Is now secur'd to a more just Reward.
 And (though too late) this black Design I knew:
 Yet all your Stratagems are useless now.

Hence

Hence with the Murd'ers to Justice.

Queen. — Hah!

Think you that I will die by formal Law?

No, when I'm dead be thus my Fame supply'd;

She liv'd a Murd'ers, and Murd'ers dy'd.

[*Stabs her self.*]

Justice would but my Happiness retard;

Thus I descend below to a Reward.

I shall be Queen of Fate: The Furies there

For me a glorious Crown of Snakes prepare.

I long to be in State; my Lords farewell:

Now noble *Charon*? hoist up Sail for Hell.

[*Dies.*]

Lord. Her Soul is fled—

Pat. — With her for ever die

Her Treasons, and her odious Memory.

But whither is the fair *Draxilla* gone?

Lord. Distracted at the Mischiefs that are done,

She's fled; but whither is to all unknown.

Pat. Quickly let after her be made Pursuit;

I'll ransack all the World to find her out.

Propitious Heav'n to her will sure be kind.

Enter Lord.

2 *Lord.* My Lord, we in our Votes have all combin'd
To make you King; the Camp with shouts and cries
Of Joy, send their loud Wishes to the Skies.

[*Shout within, Long live Patroclus King of Sparta.*]

Pat. Go bid 'em their unwelcome Noise forbear:
Turn all their Shouts to Sighs of Sorrow here.

[*Turns to the Bodies.*]

Th'are gone; and with 'em all I wish'd to keep.

Now I could almost turn a Boy, and weep.

My Friend! my Mistress! and my Father lost!

Never were growing Hopes more sadly cross'd.

Now Fortune has her utmost Malice shown:

She'd court me with the Flatt'ry of a Crown:

A thing so far beneath those Joys I miss,

'Tis but the Shadow of a Happiness.

For how uneasy on Thrones they sit,

That must like me, be wretched to be great.



EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. Mary Lee.

NOW who says Poets don't in Blood delight?
'Tis true, the Varlets care not much to fight;
But faith, they claw it off, whene'er they write;
Are Bully-Rocks not of the common Size;
Kill ye Men faster than Domitian Flies.
Ours made such Havock, that the silly Rogue
Was forc'd to make me rise for th' Epilogue.
The Fop damn'd me, but e'er to Hell I go,
I'd very fain be satisfy'd, if you
Think it not just that he were serv'd so too.
As he hath yours, do you his Hopes beguile:
You've been in Purgatory all this while.
Then damn him down to Hell, and never spare;
Perhaps he'll find more favour there than here:
Nay, of the two may choose the much less Evil;
If you're but good when pleas'd, e'en so's the Devil.

F



S.



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